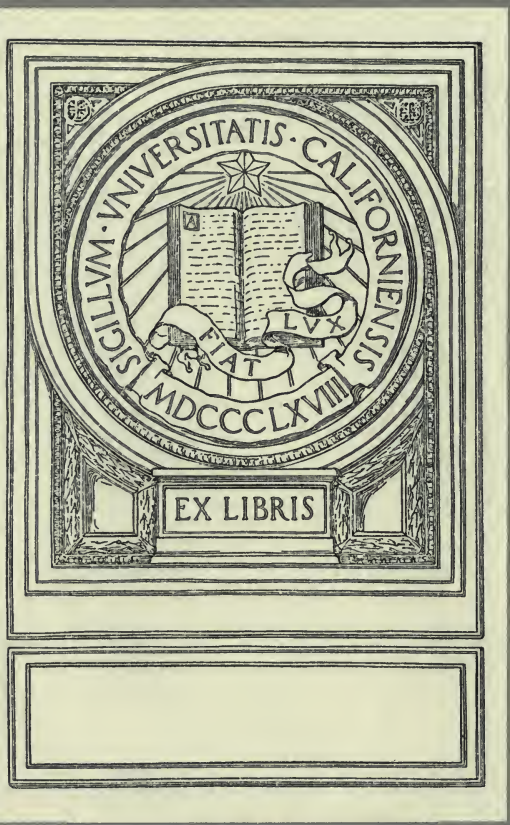
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OF THE

BARON DE RIMINI

(GRISCELLI DE VEZZANI)

SECRET AGENT

OF

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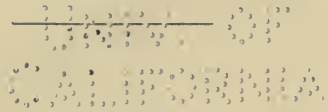

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In 1866 I made the acquaintance of a man who was short and thick-set, with an agreeable, intelligent face, over which, however, there passed at times, quick as a flash, a gleam of ferocity.

This man's language was animated and fanciful; his conversation most agreeable and diverting. He was intimately acquainted with all the small political secrets, spoke of the most distinguished men as if he had lived on intimate terms with them, and related the most detailed anecdotes about their private life. The groundwork of his character was a sovereign contempt for all mankind, whom he looked upon as vile, mean, and capable of the basest actions to gratify their ambition.

He said frequently that if there were no kings the nations would soon invent them, because the ambitious need a king to enable them to reach the desired goals.

"Kings," said he, "are mirrors which reflect the glory *qu'on leur prête*. Remove those mirrors, and any number

of people will at once complain at no longer being able to gaze at the tinsel in which they are arrayed. The basis of mankind is made up of vanity and stupidity."

The man who thus spoke was known as the Baron de Rimini. In a short time I became his indispensable companion, and the confidence with which I inspired him was such that he revealed to me all the details of his past life, and gave me a voluminous manuscript containing his memoirs. He even drew up a regular deed of sale. It is this manuscript which I now place before the public.

I warn the reader that I have not changed a single word of the author's. The style is his own, with all its imperfections and all its originality.

In the beginning of the year 1867 Baron de Rimini suddenly disappeared from the little room which he occupied in the Rue de la Fiançée, Number 51. What had become of him? I never knew. But some time afterwards I was summoned before the examining magistrate, who, after asking me several questions about the Baron, ended by demanding the manuscript which he knew to be in my possession.

I did not deny the fact, but did not see why I should obey the order to place it in the hands of justice; I even resisted a threat of seizure.

Later, I was again summoned to the inferior court for civil causes, and assisted at the nonsuiting of Arthur de Vezzani, who had illegally used the name of Baron de Rimini.

I have never been able to understand the motive of the condemnation, the great care taken to nonsuit, and the

small concern of police and magistrates at this mysterious disappearance.

I am convinced that it is only a fresh adventure in our hero's life, and that at some time I shall receive an explanation of the conduct of the Court.

Meanwhile I publish Baron de Rimini's memoirs up to 1866, and feel certain that the readers will find therein ample means of satisfying their curiosity.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH.

I was born at Vezzani (Corsica), a little village lying between the mountains of Tanno and Cali, nearly in the centre of the island which was the birth-place of the greatest soldier of modern times. My family are regarded with well-deserved esteem throughout the canton. The mayor and the rector are two Griscellis, kinsmen of mine. Although not a lawyer, my father was frequently chosen by the magistrate and the chief justice as an arbitrator in certain questions of boundaries or family law-suits. He always managed so well to satisfy both parties that no appeal was ever made on his decisions.

My mother, an angel of goodness and charity, much loved throughout the country for her great kindness to the poor and infirm, and the services she rendered to all who addressed themselves to her, was mourned by the entire canton the day she died, leaving her husband and children in the deepest grief.

My brother was two years old, I was four, and

my father twenty-six. With great self-sacrifice he remained a widower rather than place his sons in a stepmother's power. Our grandmother undertook to bring us up; she was too fond of us not to gratify all our childish fancies, a great contrast to my father, who, while he loved us passionately, overlooked no action of ours, and corrected our most trifling faults. My brother, who was gentle and good, and physically frail and delicate, obeyed all our father's orders. As for me, I listened to no one; my character and nature were indomitable. At home as well as at the village school, instead of obeying others I wanted everyone to bend to my will.

Being unable to make me respect her, my grandmother sent me to the village school, conducted by an ex-Quartermaster of the Empire, who, although he felt a certain affection for his pupils, ruled them in a military way. Well, I confess with shame that the former Quartermaster in the *grande armée*, with all his punishments and privations, unable to get the better of me, was forced to go to my father and own himself beaten, "Because," as he said, "not only does your son worry me incessantly by his bad conduct, but he turns the others from their duty, and woe to the schoolmate who does not obey him to the letter! Blows, kicks, and very often bites, fall like hail upon the child who dares to resist his caprices."

My good father loved me dearly, but at the reports

of the schoolmaster and my grandmother he decided to send me to my uncle, Jean Pierre Baldovini, my mother's brother, and a shepherd at Piétre-Bionchi. I did not enter my uncle's house as a hired servant, but to help him look after his goats and ours, which formed part of my mother's dowry.

I cannot express the joy I felt in being at full liberty to act, speak, and play, without hearing someone take me to task.

My uncle was very affectionate to me. Never a reproach! never a counsel! All his moralizing consisted in saying—"See how I do. Try to imitate me, and before long you will be the first shepherd in the canton." What a future!

At that time I had no thought of ever seeing Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Constantinople.

My uncle and I lived six months in the mountains and six months in the plain—in the summer on the Salé mountain, above the village, in winter in Alesia, near the Mediterranean.

In these two spots I stayed alternately for six years, from the time I was nine years old; and if I had had the good fortune to be Arago or Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, I might have willed to posterity works on astronomy and nature which would have vied with those of the illustrious secretary of the Academy, and the no less illustrious author of "Paul and Virginia." In the mountain as on the plain (except on stormy

nights), the sky was our cover, the earth our mattress. Ah! how many times, seated on a rock or some tree which the gale had overthrown, did I not see the stars come out and fade away again.

When I was fifteen my father replaced me by my brother Ange-Paul, who hoped to gain some strength in the country air. Besides, my father wanted me to help him farm.

For the first few days I was well satisfied with the change. Being with my father was a source of great happiness to me; besides, I could meet my former friends and my relations, whom, as a shepherd, I had seen only at rare intervals. I saw once more the familiar country side, the church, and listened to the village bells, which I had not heard since my departure.

But in spite of all these pleasures there was one thing which made me forget them and bitterly regret the days which I had spent with my uncle. It was the pains which ran through my back, arms, and legs, during the first days, for our occupation allowed us but little rest.

We worked all the week, going to the village on Saturday evening. On Sunday we assisted at divine service, and in the evening we returned to the farm with our provisions for the ensuing week.

My brother had grown much stronger during his stay with our uncle.

My grandmother, who had brought us up, died and left us the house in which our forefathers had lived for generations past.

As we could not get on without a woman in the house, my father, who had not been willing to give us a stepmother when we were little lads, persisted in a resolution he had formed, and forced me, in a way, to marry one of my cousins, a beautiful young girl of seventeen, who might have made us happy, and prevented many extraordinary things which would never have occurred had she not listened to her mother's counsels.

She was our relative, she knew that my father and brother were working for us, and that they would have helped us to bring up our family. Perhaps my brother would have remained a bachelor, had not my wife, an angel of gentleness before her marriage, become an infernal demon the moment she was settled in the house. Her sole occupation was (in accordance with her mother's advice) to strip us of all she could to give to her family, not to mention the continual quarrels which she raised between my father and his two sons.

Fortunately the recruiting time came, and in spite of the tears and prayers of my relatives, and the substitute whom they had bought for me, I left to join the army. Had it not been for my wife's malice I should never have gone outside of my native village.

CHAPTER II.

SOLDIER.

Two days after I had drawn the number which made me a soldier, my father, who had lamented unceasingly, took me aside and said —

"When are you going?"

"Why?" said I, astonished at the way in which he had divined my thoughts. "I have plenty of time after the claims of exemption!"

"You are deceiving your father, my son," said he, grasping my hand with tears in his eyes.

"That is true, father. I intend to leave this evening at six o'clock."

"I knew it. A father's eyes see a great deal. I have already prepared everything for your departure. Only, to escape the tears and lamentations of your relations, we will leave at ten instead. The horses will be waiting for us outside the village."

At ten o'clock precisely my father, my brother, and I left the house as if we were going to the *café*;

then we went separately to the place where my cousin, Ange-Pierre, was waiting with the horses.

My brother and my cousin, after saying good-bye, returned home, whilst my father and I started for Ajaccio, where, on my arrival, I was entered as Number 7,703 on the register of the 60th regiment of the line.

The recruiting captain, after examining me, sent me to Bastia, to the 1st Battalion, 4th Company. The same day, my father, without shedding a tear, gave me his blessing and returned home, whilst I started for Bastia to join my Company.

On my arrival at the barracks a sergeant took me to the stores to equip me, gave me a knapsack, a cartridge box, a rifle, etc., took me back to the barracks a transformed man, and left me at the foot of the bed in which I was to sleep. A soldier's life has been so often described by abler pens than mine that I shall only briefly relate the principal events, most of them curious, and sometimes tragic, which concern me personally. They are all strictly true. The next morning, after fatigue-duty (which all conscripts have to undergo as soon as they join), I was taken, without my gun, to a plain where the drilling went on. Two Corsicans, Major Riston and Lieutenant Risbrussi, came up to me and gave me such good advice about my military future that I already looked upon myself as a future General,

but they also told me that before anything else I should have to learn to drill in order to be admitted into the battalion, and to read and write, that I might master the theory of fighting, and teach others.

Their counsels made so great an impression upon me that from that day forth I gave myself up entirely to learning how to handle my gun and studying military art in all its branches.

Two months later, the drill-instructor, after having made me drill alone and with my company, allowed me to join the battalion.

That evening, when I entered the barracks, I hastened to enrol my name in the regimental school, where I was to learn French, and in the fencing-school, where I intended to acquire the art of killing my fellow-man properly, in accordance with all the rules of the game, as will unfortunately be seen later on.

With my insular vivacity and mountaineer's agility I became in the course of a few months the best pupil at the fencing-school. The head-master, Duillestre, an old soldier, who retired shortly after that, grew so fond of me that he had me made a corporal, exempted from service, and attached me to the regimental fencing-school to help him and take his place when necessary. The regiment received orders to return to France; we landed at Toulon, and went into garrison at Rodez (Aveyron).

Although exempted from service by order of the Captain, I performed the duties of Quartermaster during the entire march, with Adjutant Duchemin and Quartermasters Santelli, Casanova, etc. Reaching Rodez at mid-day, we obtained the billets at the Mayor's office, then went to the barracks which the 5th regiment of the line had just vacated. While waiting for the troops, who were not to arrive before three o'clock, Quartermaster Santelli invited me to go to the *café* with him. When we entered we were obliged, in order to get to a table, to pass two civilians who were already seated, and who, seeing Santelli so young, and particularly so slender, offered him an outrageous insult. They had hardly uttered the last word before one of them received a blow on the face. At that moment I had hold of the chair in which I was about to seat myself. But seeing that I might use it in another way, I raised it and struck both of the men, without asking what it was all about. The guard was called for. Our soldiers arrived. One of the civilians, who had received the slap and a blow from the chair, went up to the corporal and asked him not to arrest us, although we had begun the affair.

As soon as the soldiers were gone they approached us, and a duel for the next day was proposed by one side and accepted by the other.

The reader will pardon me if I enter into all these

details; but as it was my first duel, and we were more or less deceived in our antagonists, I think it worth while to say that Santelli and I accepted this duel with pleasure, persuaded beforehand that we were going to fight inexperienced civilians, and that we could thus get up a reputation as good swordsmen. Our two adversaries thought the same, as will be seen.

The next day, at six o'clock in the morning, Santelli and I were awakened and summoned by the two men of the day before to the gate of the quarter. Instead of being two they were now three; I accordingly called Corporal Versini, a second-rate fencer.

We six left the town together, and went as far as the river which gives its name to the department (Aveyron). The preliminaries were soon over. Quartermaster Santelli and the civilian who had been struck in the face took off their shirts and grasped their weapons.

At the first pass, looking at Versini, I remarked that the Quartermaster, whose adversary was a skilled duellist, was as good as dead. Then I recommended my friend to play close and prudently.

He took no notice of me, however, for I had hardly finished speaking before he made two full passes, as in a fencing-lesson, then lunged forward. His adversary adroitly caught the Quartermaster's

foil by a semicircular stroke from below and sent it flying a dozen paces behind him. Then, without leaving his place—he could have killed Santelli had he so wished—he lowered his arm, and turning to his friends, said regretfully —

"It is as I feared; these are conscripts."

"Conscripts!" cried I, then throwing my coat, cap, and shirt on the ground, I added, "Another conscript, master civilian!"

As soon as he felt my stroke he saw that he had quite another arm to deal with. I made the same pass as Santelli with the difference that my adversary, while trying to send my weapon a dozen paces behind him, found it in the centre, clear through him, a couple of inches above the right breast. When he fell my foil remained in his body.

His friend drew it out, sucked the two wounds, and, helped by the other civilian, took him to the hospital.

My colleagues and I, to whom I recommended the strictest silence, returned to the barracks.

I own, to my shame, that I was rather proud of it all. Santelli and Versini, my pupils, countrymen, and friends, could not praise me enough.

Four days afterwards the Adjutant called all three of us and conducted us to the reporting room to the Colonel. I felt frightened, and my friends were

afraid for me. My fear and theirs increased when we entered the Prætorium and saw, contrary to custom, the General and a gentleman in plain clothes to whom all the officers showed great respect, and who, when he came forward, took our names, surnames, rank, birthplace, etc. When he heard that we were all Corsicans he turned to General Durieu, saying —

"Corsicans! I am not surprised."

Then the General asked us in so many words —

"Which of you murdered a civilian?"

The word *murdered* fell like a flash of lightning into the room, making much more commotion than the latter would have done amongst the officers, non-commissioned officers, and the corporals on duty belonging to the 60th line.

The spectators looked at us silently, stiff with horror. No one answered.

General Durieu, almost angry, called —

"Griscelli!"

"Here, General," I replied.

"Why did you not answer before?"

"Because I have not murdered anyone."

"What, you have not murdered anyone? And how about the man whom you killed four days ago just outside the town?"

Up to that moment I had been frozen, but as soon as I knew what I was accused of doing I

raised my voice, and, looking steadily at the General, said —

"Mortally wounded, yes, General; but not murdered!" And without waiting to be asked I related the affair from the time we entered the *café* to the end of the combat.

When I had finished the General turned to the gentleman in the white cravat and asked him if I had told the truth.

"Yes, General," replied the Public Prosecutor.

The General, whom we had all thought very angry, approached me laughing and said —

"That is right, my man. Here are twenty francs for you. You know how to make your regiment respected. The man whom you killed was a quarrelsome scoundrel, who, while he sponged on the 5th, killed five of the men belonging to that regiment. Colonel, put this young Corporal into a crack company."

Then a change took place which may easily be imagined. All the officers who had looked upon me as lost approached to congratulate me.

The Colonel asked me to go to his lodgings. When we got there he gave me a pair of epaulettes and twenty francs, counselled me, and particularly praised me for my discretion. "Any other man," said he, "would have told the whole town."

Santelli and Versini, who, although fond of me, were jealous of me that day, are now: Santelli, chief of a squadron of gendarmery in Corsica, and Versini a Captain in the 20th Rifles of Vincennes; and I, who was the hero of so many scenes, must languish in exile.

Some time after that our regiment went into garrison at Lyons, whither my reputation as a duellist had preceded me. But that which completed my fame as a fencer and a fighter, was a duel which my regiment had with the 30th (a duel between two corps) and which deserves being published.

One night, during the roll-call, the voltigeur Guis entered the barracks without his sword, and covered with blood. This man was the confidential servant of Monsieur Berthelin, the officer on duty.

After the roll-call, before reporting, the latter summoned his servant and made him tell what had happened. Guis said that while he was in a *café* (Simon) at the Croix-Rousse seven corporals of the 30th of the line had insulted, disarmed, and beaten him.

At this tale the Lieutenant, looking at me, told the company that it was a stain on the regiment, and particularly on the company of voltigeurs belonging to the first battalion, and that he would gladly exchange his gold epaulettes (for two days) for woollen ones that he might wipe out the stain with

blood. All the voltigeurs were gathered around the officer, and waiting for my answer.

"Lieutenant," said I, "you will keep your epaulettes. Guis will be revenged by to-morrow night. After that we shall see."

His eyes sparkled with joy. He took me by the hand, made me go out into the court-yard, gave me twenty francs, and assured me that he would see to everything.

"I give you *carte blanche*," said he. "Only revenge my voltigeurs!"

The next day he came to me at the fencing-school, to tell me that Colonel Lamane counted on me.

"The Colonel?" said I. "Who told him?"

"I did, last night at his house. The whole regiment knows about it, and all the officers who were with me expect something from you as you are a corporal of voltigeurs."

In the evening, after soup, I took Versini, Casanova, Santelli, and Guis with me, and we went to the *café* where the latter had been beaten. We had hardly seated ourselves before the corporals of the 30th came in, and seizing the billiard cues, said—

"Oh! oh! they have come in numbers."

"What do you mean by numbers?" asked a certain Jocquet; "they are only four. Well, four blows of my fist and I stretch them all four on the floor!"

At these words the uproar began. Tables, stools, and billiard cues flew around. At each blow of his stool Casanova knocked one down. We were left masters of the *café*. Our adversaries made off without their swords. We took them and spoilt the sheaths. Meanwhile the guard arrived with policemen. The mistress of the establishment, who was an intimate friend of Guis', took our part, saying that we had been attacked, and that they had run away to avoid paying her. The guard contented themselves with taking the swords of the 30th, and we were sent back to the barracks, where each soldier already had his own version of the battle. They said that some had been killed, some wounded, etc.

The officer appeared at roll-call, and when we announced the victory to him his joy knew no bounds. Without even asking for the details he hastened to the Colonel, to tell him that the 60th had been nobly revenged.

There was a great commotion the next day at the Colonel's reporting-room, whither I was summoned with the officer in charge of the fencing-school.

As soon as the officers and non-commissioned officers on duty were at their post, seeing me talking to the Adjutant, the Colonel called me by name, and pretending to be very angry, addressed me in these terms :—

"What did you do last night? Ah! so you think that you alone have the right to make the regiment respected? I hope they will settle you this time, at any rate. By order of the General of Division, Baron Aymard, a duel will take place to-morrow between two corps. Seven fencing-masters of the 30th will be at Fort Calvaire to-morrow to meet seven fencing-masters of the 60th (commanded by their officer) to settle their quarrel by means of the sword."

I confess that while the Colonel was speaking my eyes flashed with joy, and when he had finished I cried wildly—"Long live General Aymard!" Although the staff were present everyone burst out laughing.

The Lieutenant-Colonel, Monsieur Courrège, who was very fond of me, gave me twenty francs with which to drink his health.

"Drink it to-day," said Colonel Lamarre, "for you are not sure of being able to do so to-morrow!"

"I shall drink it now, with the fencing-masters who are going with me, Colonel, and I am certain that you will give me some more to-morrow after the duel."

"Who is going with you?" asked the Colonel.

"If Lieutenant Bondeville and Sergeant Duillestre, the senior master, will allow me, I shall choose Versini (now Captain in the 20th Rifles), Casanova (discharged, now a justice of the peace), Santelli

(now chief of a squadron of gendarmery), Simoni (who died a captain in Africa), Antomarchi (discharged, now mayor of Noesi), Deconsimi (who was murdered in Corsica), and Guis, the promoter of the quarrel."

My choice was approved.

All that day the two regiments, and, indeed, the whole garrison, could talk of nothing but the hand-to-hand fight. Throughout the division everyone was impatiently waiting for next day to come, when it would be known which of the two regiments was the victor.

A great many of my readers will perhaps not believe these things, and will ask if, in the nineteenth century, the public can possibly find any pleasure in such wholesale murder and bloodshed? I will answer that the soldier is moved by the honour of arms alone. Horse-races, where the bets are publicly made, the rise and fall of stocks, bull-fights, diplomatic fencing, and the discussions of the two Chambers are nothing to the trooper. A duel, a battle alone can rouse him!

The next morning, at precisely six o'clock, fourteen soldiers, headed by two officers, met on the road to Fort Calvaire (14th December, 1836), at the Croix-Rousse, for the purpose of killing each other, by order of General Aymard, and Colonels de Lamane and Husson, to save the honour of the regiment.

Arrived on the ground, the two officers saluted each other.

Jocquet of the 30th and I took our weapons.

He was the first corporal who had struck Guis; accordingly he was the first champion chosen by his colleagues.

After a few very guarded passes he parried tierce and tried to make a lunge, thinking that he had hurt me mortally; I made a counter-pass, and putting my weapon back to prime with a turn of my wrist, he killed himself by falling with all his weight on my blade.

The sapper Millet took his place, with Jocquet's weapon, and attacked me furiously.

I hardly had time to ward off his blows. Fortunately for me he did not lunge forward.

He was drenched with perspiration, and we had as yet accomplished nothing. The officer of the 30th, Monsieur Petit, asked us to rest a moment. "No!" said I, and we continued.

Jocquet died parrying tierce. Millet died parrying quarte. With a parry and thrust, pressing his weapon back and lunging forward against it (as in a fencing lesson), I planted my sword in his right breast.

A third, Corporal Martin, undressed and took his stand opposite me. While Martin was taking Millet's place, Versini and Casanova, without their shirts,

and a sword in their hands, insisted upon taking mine, saying that I had done my share, that I was tired and that I ought to be relieved. A discussion arose. During this time Martin and I were resting, looking at each other without speaking. After a few words together the two officers decided that I was to continue until I was either wounded or killed.

"Killed!" I said aloud.

Then, as soon as our weapons were crossed, I drew my feet together, parrying quarte, then lunged forward with such violence that my blade entered his body up to the hilt. He fell on his back, and I went down with him. As I rose he coughed up some blood into my face; at the sight of his blood, the two corpses, and the sound of Millet's groans, I tore my weapon violently from Martin's chest; then, turning to the officer of the 30th —

"Now for another!" I cried, "now for another! Here's the butcher!" For a moment I was quite mad.

At these cries a commissary of police (Monsieur Martinet) and a squad of policemen leapt the wall and put an end to the fight. They disarmed me forcibly; Versini and Casanova dressed me and took me back to the barracks. They shut me up in my room. Of course, by this time the whole garrison knew what had happened. Versini stood at my

door (where half the soldiers had gathered, anxious to see me) and allowed no one to enter.

A moment later the Lieutenant-Colonel came in. I rose immediately to salute him. He (Monsieur de Courrège) congratulated me and told me that the Colonel had made me a Sergeant in the room of Duillestre, who had become a veteran. I was to go to his lodgings to get my galoons and commission.

Monsieur Bondeville came up and asked me to go to the officers' quarters. There I met a Captain of Gendarmery, Meunier, who took me to his house to introduce me to his family, as he wanted me to give fencing lessons to his son and his daughter, a charming child of fifteen.

A year afterwards the regiment received orders to go to Paris. On reaching the capital the 60th was lodged in the barracks of Dussine, Sainte-Genevieve, and Ave-Maria. It was in this last that the Colonel installed me with the fencing-school, and where something happened which forced me to leave the regiment.

Our Surgeon-Major having just retired, was replaced by Monsieur Allard, head-assistant of Saint Cyr. This young doctor was accompanied by his brother, a Sergeant in the same regiment.

When he entered the corps he kept his stripes and was ordered to the Ave-Maria barracks. He was

as vain and insolent as his brother was gentle and modest. He knew everything. He was a master of fencing, dancing, riding, and so forth. After his arrival I invited him several times to come to the school, but in spite of my entreaties he would never do so.

On the other hand, nearly every day after I had left he came in, fenced with my pupils, criticized my method in vulgar language, broke up our foils, and generally conducted himself like the creature he was. Of course my pupils told me about it; I in turn reported it to Monsieur Bondeville, and pretended not to notice anything.

The regiment having been in Corsica three years, half the soldiers were countrymen of mine, and they could not bear to see anyone try to get the better of me. The other half were Provencials, who declared me to be a mere novice compared with Allard. A very unimportant affair proved the strength of the two antagonists. While we were breakfasting a great many things were said against the officer Ristunier, who, his calumniators said, stole two pounds of meat every day from the soldiers' rations to give to a particular lady friend of his. The most rabid of all was Allard, who came up to me and demanded if I were ready to deny it. A smart box on the ear was my reply. Instead of proposing a duel he went to the Captain to complain,

and I got eight days' imprisonment. This way of denouncing a fellow-soldier, instead of offering to fight him, lost him the good opinion of the entire regiment.

As soon as I was at liberty again I succeeded with the utmost difficulty in dragging him to the duelling ground, which he left on a stretcher.

The new Colonel Roussel (Monsieur de Lamarre had been made a General at Périgueux) came to me in the fencing-school and informed me, in my pupils' presence, that the first duel I fought with my regimental comrades would bring a court-martial upon me.

Two days after that, thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel Courrège, I was made head-nurse and baggage-master at the military hospital at Val-de-Grâce.

CHAPTER III.

PRISONER.

Although my stay in the hospital is quite worth relating, I hasten to speak of graver matters, that I may not always speak of myself alone.

Meanwhile, my father, who had corresponded regularly with me, informed me one day, some time after I had left the regiment, that my wife was dead.

I did not regret her, so completely had she made me dislike her. And to prove to my relations that I had forgotten the woman who had separated us, I gave her a successor by marrying Mademoiselle Béchard the very day I was discharged.

Being in Paris without employment, and at daggers drawn with my wife's family (and on still worse terms with her), I resolved to return to Corsica and realize certain moneys coming from my mother's dowry, and to come back to Paris and get something to do, as I would not owe my support to my father-in-law.

So I left my native village, where I had been welcomed with open arms by my relations—especially by my father and brother—and started for Paris.

Passing through Lyons I was unlucky enough to meet Monsieur Meunier and his daughter, to whom I had once given fencing lessons. Louise and her father seemed delighted to see me, took me to their house, and almost forced me to take up my quarters in the room of young Meunier, who happened to be travelling.

That evening they took me to the theatre, and the next day we went to the Ile d'Amour, where Captain Meunier had a country house, and where, in spite of my entreaties, they insisted upon my spending a fortnight. All men, young and old, who read this will pity me, for I was left nearly always alone with a young, pretty, witty, and very sweet girl. No wonder I could not resist the temptation. She would take my hands, and say —

"You need not be afraid of speaking to me before my father. He loves you as much as I do. Indeed, it is partly his fault that I am so fond of you, for after you left Paris no day ever passed in which we did not speak of you. I used to learn your letters by heart; and our favourite walk was on the very spot where you fought that famous duel with the corporals of the 30th line. My brother would represent the 30th, and I was the 60th, and I nearly always ended

by getting the upper hand. Our father would laugh at our warlike games, and explain every particular of the fight. He would show us just where Jocquet, Martin, and Millet stood, and what passes you both made. He always ended by saying: 'What a lucky thing it was that the fencing-master did not remain mad.'"

If Joseph turned his back on Potiphar's wife I am certain that it was because she was old and ugly. He would not have left his cloak with Louise.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by—I had forgotten Paris, my wife—everything! A malicious woman whom I had known in the capital, and who knew me to be a married man, sold me to the Commissary of Police, who, in spite of the prayers of Captain Meunier and his daughter, arrested me and took me to prison.

Examined and tried, I was condemned (without being prosecuted). Commissary Birberin's hatred alone procured me two years' imprisonment. Thanks to Monsieur Charles Abbatucci, deputy, instead of working out my time at Lyons, I was transferred to the prison at Poissy. During my captivity Louise gave birth to a boy and died.

On leaving Poissy I became the nominal director of the *Printers' Courier*. It was during Cavaignac's dictatorship (June, 1848). One morning as I was

going to the office, Number 5, Rue Ponpée, the porter stopped me, saying —

"Escape as soon as you can, my friend. The police have been here and broken open everything, and have taken the directors Rigol and Froment to the Prefecture."

I waited until Monsieur Pietri had been nominated Prefect of Police.

CHAPTER IV.

SECRET AGENT.

After the *coup d'état*, which a witty man has called the *catastrophe*, de Maupas' place as Prefect of Police was taken by Monsieur Pietri, my compatriot and friend. The same day he arrived in Paris—he came from Toulouse, where, during the *coup d'état*, he had shown both courage and energy—his title of Corsican had caused him to be called to fill the most important post in the whole capital. He sent for me, and on the score of old acquaintance, and all that the Abbatuccis had told him, begged me to accept employment as a secret agent.

"You are the only Corsican who knows Paris. You will receive no orders except from me, and you will come in by the Cour des Comptes instead of entering with the others through Rue Jérusalem."

In consequence of all these solicitations, and as I wished to make a position for myself, I accepted the more or less delicate functions of a secret agent.

Secret agents, secret police, are, in my eyes—in mine, who have had the honour to belong to them—institutions invented by tyrants eager to procure funds without control and thirsting for despotism. Save in certain very rare cases, the police are occupied only in watching each other. Some agents who are ambitious and intelligent invent plots, draw up the rules of the societies which they have created, and then, at the moment of action, have the wretches arrested who have let themselves be enticed away. And if the society have taken up arms and made a demonstration, then the instigating agent is made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, an officer of the peace, a commissary of police, &c. Several cases, which I shall choose from many others in order to make them public, will edify my readers as to the morality of the secret police. Nevertheless, there are occasions on which an intelligent secret agent is indispensable. The following two are amongst the number:—

A few days after my admission the Prefect of Police summoned me to him and handed me a note worded thus:—

"Monsieur le Préfet,—I hasten to tell you that, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, No. —, some wretches are fabricating an infernal machine with which to

assassinate the President of the Republic while he is on his way to the Elysée.

"(Signed) R. P."

When I had finished reading it, Monsieur Pietri said—

"Keep this note; act as you think proper. I wish to find out what you can do, and if you may be entrusted with more important missions."

I left the room without any settled plan, and went straight to the Faubourg St. Honoré. Above the entrance to the house mentioned I saw: "Ten-roomed apartment to let, 7,000 francs." The means of visiting the place were right to my hand. I hastened home to the Rue des Moulins, and dressed myself very smartly, adding several crosses to my buttonhole. Then I hied me to the Rue Basse du Rempart, to a Veuve Constant, livery-stable keeper. I ordered a two-horse carriage, with coat-of-arms, and a coachman and footman with powdered hair, and bade them take me to the 7,000 franc lodgings. When I arrived at the house the footman opened the door, and I told him to announce the Marquis de Chalet. At this aristocratic name, porter, door-keeper, footmen, and servants all hastened to the entrance to see me alight. The porter took a bunch of keys and mounted the steps first to open the doors. I went through the apartment, examining

every detail : salons, bedrooms, kitchen, &c., and pretending to be enchanted with the premises, gave a hundred francs earnest-money, then, taking the porter familiarly by the flap of his coat, I said, curtly —

"Whose house is this? Who lives underneath? I warn you that, although I have given the earnest-money, I will not live here if one of those blood-drinkers of Badinguet (Napoleon) lodges here, because I have no fancy for meeting an executioner of the Elysée Bourbon on the staircase."

As I spoke the factotum's eyes darted fire, and before I had ended he threw himself at my feet, crying —

"Your Excellency, my Lord, my Lord Marquis," &c., &c., "why, you are in the house of his Excellency the Minister of his late Majesty King Charles X.!"

"What!" I said. "I am in the house of ——? Go at once and announce me! Tell him I have just come from Frohsdorf."

"Frohsdorf!" repeated the porter; then added: "It is impossible for me to announce you; his Excellency, our master, left yesterday for Laintonge. Ah! so you have just seen His Majesty Henry VI. How many times he rode on my back when he was small! And it was I who taught him to ride. Ah! tell His Majesty, if you are returning to Frohsdorf,

that we are working for him, and that before long the place at the Tuileries will be vacant, for Badinguet is to be struck dead beneath our windows when he is passing on his way to the Elysée Bourbon."

Then, signing to me to follow him, he led me to a small room looking out in the street, where five infantry guns had been placed side by side on a prop and bound together.

I knew all that I wanted to know. I gave twenty francs more with which to drink to the health of Henry V., and was driven in the same carriage to the Prefecture of Police.

Monsieur Pietri was still at his desk, and as soon as he saw a gentleman in dress-coat and white cravat, gloved, and wearing several decorations, he rose and came towards me, bowing; but as soon as he recognized me he threw himself into an arm-chair, holding his sides with laughter.

"Where the devil are you going dressed like that?"

"I have just come back," I said, and told him of my first police exploit.

Whilst I talked he laughed heartily, and gave me five hundred francs, saying —

"Bravo! bravo! I know now what you can do."

From that day forth he confided all important matters to me.

That evening officer Lagrange went to Number

35 and arrested three men who were loading the guns with bullets, and the servants. I never heard what became of them.

Several months later Monsieur Walewski, then ambassador to London, sent a ciphered telegram to Napoleon, informing him that a certain Kelshe, who had escaped from Lambessa and was in Mazzini's pay, was coming to Paris to assassinate the Emperor. His Imperial Majesty immediately sent for the Prefect of Police, acquainted him with the contents of the telegram, and asked for an intelligent, devoted, and energetic agent. Although I was quite new to the business, Monsieur Pietri mentioned me to the head of the State, who answered —

"Bring him to me this evening at the Opera. I will have you called during an entr'acte."

That evening, after the first act, I saw Bacciochi go in search of Pietri. I was afraid of not being called.

It was the first time I had had an opportunity of speaking to a crowned head, and being a Corsican shepherd I thought a great deal of it.

Whilst I was making these reflections, the acting aide-de-camp, Count de Montebello, came in search of me, and led me to the Imperial box, where were their Majesties, General Montebello, Marshal Vaillant, and Mesdames de Montebello and de Bassano, ladies-in-waiting.

On my entrance Napoleon rose with Monsieur Pietri and signed to me to follow him.

As I passed behind the Empress she asked the General —

"Who is that gentleman?"

"He is a Corsican; but I do not know his name."

At this reply she burst into a laugh.

I followed His Majesty and Monsieur Pietri to the terrace which faces Rue Pelletier and Rue Rosini.

Three chairs stood ready.

The Emperor took one and signed to us to be seated as near as possible, because we had to speak in low tones. Then he said —

"Griscelli, I am glad that you are a Corsican; men hailing from that island have always been devoted to my family. I know that you are, otherwise the Prefect would not have chosen you from among all his agents. You know that a certain Kelshe has come to Paris to try and put an end to us. This man must be found. And when you have found him I wish to see him; after that you can await my orders."

"I will await your orders if I can, sire."

Pietri, who considered this reply extremely bold, began to speak. Napoleon stopped him. Then, looking me in the face —

"Why, and how will you not await my orders?"

"Because, perhaps after I have found Kelshe he will try to approach too near to your Majesty's person before I have had time to point him out to your Majesty."

"In that case, what will you do?"

"I shall either blow his brains out or stab him."

"That is right," they both answered.

"And how will you manage to find him, seeing that you do not know him?"

"Nothing easier, sire. The Prefect will give me his papers this evening, for he was arrested in Paris when at the garrison. I shall not only have his age and personal description, but I shall be able to see what people he frequented."

"Bravo!" said Napoleon, "I see that you need no advice. Pietri, give Griscelli all the agents he asks for."

"I don't want any at all, sire."

"In case of need," said His Majesty. "And see that he wants nothing."

This was my first interview with the Emperor.

When I left the Opera that evening I could not help thinking —

"Who would have dreamed, when I was surrounded by our goats, with my old uncle, that one day I should talk with a crowned head! And at the Opera, amongst all that France contains illustrious, in science, letters, and art!"

After the Opera we accompanied their Imperial Majesties to the Tuileries, then went to the Prefecture of Police to get a thousand francs and look at Kelshe's papers, which Balestrino, chief of the municipal police, gave us. Monsieur Pietri made him believe that His Imperial Majesty intended to pardon the would-be assassin.

"Pardon him!" repeated Balestrino, "why, he is the most dangerous man I know. The day he was arrested at the barricade of the Porte-St.-Martin fourteen agents had the greatest trouble in the world to get him to the station. He had to be tied. He is a formidable Hercules!"

The Prefect replied that he would tell the Emperor, and Balestrino suspected nothing.

On looking at the papers I saw: "Five feet seven inches in height, herculean build, a dangerous man, lives with his brother at Rue Trancy de Vaugirard. He goes often to see Desmaret, restaurant-keeper, in the same street, where he courts the innkeeper's daughter."

Armed with these particulars and my one thousand francs, I went back home and lay down in my clothes. It was three o'clock, and I wanted to get to Rue Trancy early, hoping to see Kelshe and find out something.

At six o'clock, although it was in the month of December, I was standing opposite his brother's

house. An hour later a young girl came down stairs, called a commissioner, and handed him a letter, warning him to give it to no one on the way, but to deliver it himself. The young girl's injunction appeared to me to be worthy of note. I therefore followed the bearer of the missive, who traversed Paris, and only stopped at Ménilmontant. He rang at the house of a bourgeois. A man, Kelshe himself, descended, took the letter, and said to the carrier —

"Thank you. I will go at once. I shall be there before you."

His voice and appearance made no impression whatever on me, but if I had no dazed feeling, I remarked, on the other hand, as a bad sign, that it was Friday. As he had told the man who brought the letter, he came out a moment later, and followed the Rue Ménilmontant to the Boulevard du Temple, where he took a cab and was driven to his brother's house, going by the Boulevards by the Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevard des Invalides, Rue de Vaugirard, etc. As soon as his cab reached the door the entire family ran precipitately out, fell on his neck, and made him go in, sending away the cab.

About two hours later he appeared again, accompanied by his brother, and they went to No. 13, Rue de Trancy, to Desmaret's, the restaurant keeper. There he was also *fêted*. The young girl particularly

did not leave him, and took coffee with the two brothers, whilst, in a small room adjoining the large one, I ate a cutlet, which I paid for beforehand.

When they had finished their coffee they went to Cremieux's, livery-stable keeper, in the Champs Elysées; there the two brothers separated, and I caught Kelshe's parting words —

"Napoleon's police are too stupid to discover me. They think me stagnating in London. It is useless for me to stay at Girard's. I shall sleep at home. Fear nothing. Until to-night!"

Poor Kelshe, he did not know that his words would be gathered at that moment by one of Napoleon's police-agents, who was charged not to lose sight of him, and that before long he would have the unpleasantness of finding himself face to face with the same man. Although I do not wish to anticipate, I will say just here that on entering Desmaret's a dazed feeling came over me with such force that I nearly fainted. Was it a presentiment of the drama which was to be enacted several days later, or what was it? When I saw Kelshe leave Cremieux's on horseback and go towards the Tuileries, I ran to the Rue Montaigne (the Imperial Mews), had a horse saddled, and went to the Place de la Concorde, where, to my satisfaction, I found the assassin, sitting a pure-blooded horse like an accomplished rider. At precisely two o'clock His

Imperial Majesty, Colonel Fleury, and Captain Merle, appeared on the spot, having come by the Rue Rivoli. Kelshe, who was then near the Pont Royal, came galloping up to Napoleon. I was already behind him, my horse's head touching the crupper of his, when the Emperor passed near us. In my left hand I held my horse's reins, the right grasped the handle of my dagger.

Napoleon glanced at him while he talked to his aide-de-camp, then continued on his way to the Bois. Kelshe did not move. His death was not to take place at the Champs Elysées.

As soon as His Imperial Majesty had passed he broke into a hard gallop as far as the Arc de Triomphe. More than thirty riders, including Kelshe and myself, followed to the lake; there, wishing to shake off the crowd which surrounded him, Napoleon again started off at a gallop as far as the Porte Maillot. Then we went to the Pont de Neuilly at a walk, and the Royal party returned to the Tuileries by the Parc Monceau and the Faubourg St. Honoré. He left us in the Rue de la Paix. It was then four o'clock.

I shall not relate all the incidents which occurred during this surveillance, which lasted fifteen days and fifteen nights; it would only lengthen this chapter, already too long. But I wish to say that Kelshe was always kept in sight. I have eaten at the

same table, often taken coffee in the same partition. Whether on horseback, in carriages, or walking we were continually meeting, and to such a degree was the fanatic blinded by the thought of the assassination that he never once discovered that he was being watched. All the letters which he received from London and those which he himself wrote were unsealed, read, and then sent to their address.

At the hour mentioned, while Kelshe, arrayed in cap, riding-boots, and green jacket, beneath which something protruded, was making his horse prance, His Imperial Majesty and Monsieur Fleury entered the Place de la Concorde. When he saw them Kelshe went towards them at a triple gallop, and they, seeing that, went through the Avenue de l'Etoile as hard as they could. I had time to tell the jockeys to keep very close to His Imperial Majesty, and to let no one pass in front of them. When they arrived at the Bois de Boulogne a furious chase began. Walls, brooks, and paths were crossed at full gallop. The pedestrians who saw us pass told each other that the head of the State was either mad or drunk.

Alas! he was neither the one nor the other, but he was in fear of his life. After three hours of mad careering, we passed the Porte Maillot to return to the Tuileries, traversing the Avenue de l'Etoile. Our horses were white with foam. On entering the

Avenue Kelshe's horse refused to go any further, in spite of his rider's whip and spurs. I dashed forward, and passing the Emperor waved my hat in the air, crying, "Beaten! beaten! Long live the Emperor!"

His Imperial Majesty turned round, and seeing the assassin at a distance ordered me to follow him to the Castle. When he entered his study, Napoleon, bathed in perspiration, opened a drawer and gave me five thousand francs, saying —

"Go and rest, we shall need you later on; and send Pietri to me."

An hour afterwards I was sound asleep, when the latter came to the Rue des Moulins to awaken me, and order me to be at his office at midnight to arrest Kelshe, dead or alive.

Twelve o'clock was just striking when I presented myself at the Prefecture, where I was astonished to find forty agents whom the Chief of Police made me take to help in arresting Kelshe. After a lively discussion in the Prefect's presence, during which Balestrino complained that he had been kept in ignorance of the affair, I consented to take two with me, saying that if they wanted Kelshe dead I did not need anyone.

Hébert, Letourneur, and I left the office with orders to arrest the assassin, alive or dead. At exactly six o'clock on another Friday we arrived at Desmaret's, where our man came every day to drink his absinthe; we ordered a dinner for six

persons. At eight o'clock a certain Morelli arrived, having come from London to help in the Emperor's hunt; he asked Desmaret where Kelshe was. He was told that he would arrive at nine. At the hour named Kelshe appeared. While he was drinking his glass I ordered Letourneur to arrest Morelli. Hébert and I seized Kelshe, who, although there were two of us, got away and ran through the dining-room, the salon, and the other rooms, and springing through a window fell inside the surrounding wall, at one end of which was a door. Had this door been open the assassin would have been saved; but it was Friday, Desmaret's house bore the number 13, and I had had his dazed feelings; blood must be shed; his doom was sealed.* Not being able to get out through the door, and feeling that his crime had been discovered, Kelshe, like a brave man, determined to sell his life dearly. He stopped and cocked a pistol; I did the same. We were thirty paces from each other; the two shots made one detonation. He fell bathed in blood—my ball had entered between the nose, forehead, and right eye, and had come out behind the left ear; his had whistled past my head. His accomplice Morelli ran out at the pistol-shot. While he was jumping to the wall I broke his left shoulder-blade with my other pistol.

* Corsican superstition.

At exactly ten o'clock we were entering the court-yard of the Prefecture with a wounded man and a corpse. Monsieur Pietri fell on my neck, and ran to break the news at the Tuileries and to the Ministers, who, since the first attempt, were all impatiently awaiting the announcement of this important arrest.

That evening I was the hero of all the Ministerial salons. The Emperor gave me ten thousand francs; de Maupas, Minister, five thousand; and as to Monsieur Pietri, his generosity was unbounded.

The Empress kept my daughter at her expense in the Convent d'Josy until her eighteenth year.

That same day I was attached to the person of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., and entrusted with his safety.

In confiding this delicate mission to me, Messieurs de Persigny and Pietri gave me these orders:

"We entrust the Emperor's safety to you. No matter where His Majesty goes, you are never to leave him, either in France or abroad. Once outside the Tuileries, no one, no matter who he may be, must be allowed to approach the Emperor without being especially summoned. Here, unless called, you are not responsible. When you travel in France, in every place through which you pass with their Majesties all the police and Gendarmerie will be under your orders. The Prefects have received official instructions to that effect."

Sometimes I think it cannot possibly be I, who was once a Corsican shepherd, living five years with my uncle amongst the peasants, without seeing either house or village—in fact, almost a savage. And now, by some fabulous change, by some extraordinary chance, I can say that I have walked in the Tuileries with Napoleon, at Windsor with Queen Victoria, at Turin with Victor-Emmanuel, at Rome with Pius IX., at Madrid with Queen Isabella, at Portici with Francis II., at Frankfort with Francis-Joseph, Maximilian of Bavaria, and a host of others. Yet it is true. It is the truth, and nothing but the truth; two-thirds of France will support my statement, having seen me at Court. Besides, there are all the Ministers and dignitaries whom I saw and spoke with at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lille, Grenoble, Dieppe, Biarritz, Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, and last, but not least, every day from the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne.

Well! the man who saved his Emperor's life, and much more besides, is now languishing in a foreign land; whilst those who insulted, fought, denounced, arrested, bullied, judged, and condemned Prince Louis Charles Napoleon are receiving from the Emperor Napoleon the sums of twenty-five, thirty, forty, and a hundred thousand francs. Now let any man say that the Bonapartes are not ungrateful!

CHAPTER V.

DUC DE MORNY.

I SHALL speak neither of the Duc de Morny's mysterious birth nor of his having been an African officer in his youth, still less of his commercial enterprises—and particularly that of the Great Central!—nor of his performances at the Czar's Court, so wittily exposed by Peel, after his journey to St. Petersburg; but of an occurrence of which most people are ignorant.

What is certain is that he was accepted as their son by Count and Countess de Morny, poor gentlefolk from Auvergne.

Europe still remembers the extraordinary festivities which took place in the capital of Russia at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II.

The entertainment which was most admired, most dazzling, was, according to all reports, that given by the Duc de Morny, Envoy Extraordinary

and representative of France, on the occasion of the historical event which followed the Crimean War.

A few days afterwards the newspapers, describing the splendour and ceremony of the *fête* (at which their Imperial Moscovite Majesties had assisted), announced that Napoleon's proxy was about to marry a Princess of the Russian Court.

On reading this news the Countess de Lehon, who certainly had a right to be surprised, wrote the following letter to her colleague :—

"MONSIEUR,

"The European papers announce your marriage with a Russian Princess. I warn you that if you do not have it denied immediately on receipt of this I will publish all your letters, which are, as you know, in my possession, beginning with those concerning the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851.

"(Signed) COUNTESS DE LEHON."

I do not know what effect this missive produced at St. Petersburg, as I was not there, but it created an immense sensation at the Tuileries. On receiving his former friend's letter de Morny had written these words on the margin : "Sire, act quickly, or we shall be the objects of a great scandal."

Then he had sent the letter to His Majesty Napoleon III. by a special courier. The Emperor

read it, then summoned Pietri at once, acquainted him with the contents, and asked for a man who would go to the Countess de Lehon's house and take the papers from her by force if he could not by persuasion.

All the police at the Castle were sent to look for me. General Rollin, more fortunate than the others, found me sitting on the parapet of the Pont Royal, took me by the arm, and told me that all Paris was searching for me to take me, living or dead, before His Imperial Majesty. While he talked we reached the salon used by the aides-de-camp and chamberlains on duty, who, when they saw me, all rushed to the door of the Imperial study to announce my arrival.

Entering the sanctuary of the head of the State I found Pietri there alone, standing. His Imperial Majesty rose, showed me the letter, and asked me if I thought I should succeed. At this moment an aide-de-camp handed in a letter addressed to the Prefect of Police, who hastily opened it and gave it to the Emperor, who read as follows :—

"PREFECT,

"I regret to tell you that the Countess Lehon, on the announcement of the Count de Morny's marriage, sold all the papers, letters, etc., etc., which concerned the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December to the Orleanists."

His Majesty stopped and thought a moment.

"It is too late," exclaimed Pietri.

"Not at all, Prefect."

"And why?" asked Napoleon, looking at me.

"Because, sire, I do not believe that the Countess would sell the papers before she received any reply to her letter."

"I agree with you," replied the Emperor. "Go at once," he added, "and be strong if prudence avails nothing."

I left the study and started in the direction of the Champs Elysées. As I was crossing the Tuileries gardens the Prefect of Police joined me, growling:

"That rascal de Morny! if he had only been hanged when he stole those millions! What made him trust that gabbler with the Emperor's papers? Just think what a position he has placed us in if those papers are in London now! We are dishonoured in the eyes of the whole world! If you lay your hand on that woman the Orleanists will raise a scandal! And if you don't bring back the papers what will His Majesty say?"

"He may say what he likes," I answered, absently, trying to devise some means of getting the papers out of the Countess's hands.

Pietri was entirely devoted to Napoleon III., but he was equally afraid of scandals.

When we reached the door, Pietri left me. I

ascended the staircase, without any fixed plan of action, and, being announced, entered the salon and found myself face to face with the former friend of the Duke of Orleans. It was then eight o'clock in the evening.

"What miracle," asked she, when she saw me, "brings you here at this hour?"

"I have come for the Count," replied I.

"To make an Ambassador of him?"

"Oh! madame, he is as yet somewhat young for that position; but we will make him something else meanwhile."

"Never, monsieur; my son shall accept nothing from your Government!"

"Not even the appointment of Ambassador?" said I, laughing, as I seated myself near her.

Then she informed me that de Morny had wanted to take her Leon to Russia with him, but that Prince Murat had got the best of him and had his cousin appointed. During this recital her son came in. I told him (for his mother's benefit) that I had come to take him to a dinner at the Maison Dorée.

We left the Countess, but instead of going to the Boulevard des Italiens I took the young Count to the Barriére de l'Etoile. As we passed under the Arc de Triomphe I told the Countess's son that I wished to speak to him on a most important subject.

As soon as he found himself in the dark his

courage deserted him, and instead of waiting for me to question him, he met me half-way. Taking me by the arm, he said —

"Where are you taking me? You have been and are still a friend of the family. I do not, therefore, mind telling you that I feel sure that the letter which has appeared in the newspapers will cause my mother and me a great deal of trouble. I expect anything and everything, only regretting my inability to tell His Imperial Majesty that he has no more devoted subject than I, and that my mother's opinions have never been shared by me."

"I am glad, Count, to hear you say that, *particularly this evening*, for some wretches have profited by that very letter to send in a frightful report, and, in their hatred, they have gone so far as to say that you had started for London with all the Duc de Morny's private papers, intending to sell them to the Orleanists."

"Then they lied! It is false! utterly false! All Monsieur de Morny's papers are in a box, in mamma's bureau!"

"I was sure of that beforehand, and have come to you neither for the papers nor the box, but as a friend to advise you to set your mind at rest and be quiet. But as you say you should have such pleasure in being presented to His Imperial Majesty, I will take you to him at once, not for a visit, but

in order that you may categorically deny the false reports. These secret agents are so infamous that if you do not refute their first assertion they are quite capable of sending a couple of reports every day."

The Prefect of Police, behind us, had not lost a word of our conversation.

He turned back; he was in a hurry to speak to the head of the Government.

As we returned by the Elysée, I went to the Police Station, and ordered an Inspector to surround the Countess's house at once, and to let no one either enter or leave without a permit from either the Count or myself.

"Why are you doing that? Have you arrested mamma?"

"Your mamma is free, Count, but I don't want any false agents or zealots to have an opportunity of fleecing her."

On entering Napoleon's study, whither Pietri had preceded us, I said —

"Sire, I have the honour to present to you Count de Lehon, who wishes to lay his respectful homage at his august Sovereign's feet, and to announce with his own lips that de Morny's papers are in the Countess's room."

At this announcement, somewhat awkwardly made, His Imperial Majesty looked up, laughing, but when

he heard the last words he held out his hand to young Lehon, and made him sit down near him, saying —

"Did you see the papers to-day?"

"Yes, sire; and if your Majesty will allow me I will go at once and fetch them."

"Thanks, Count; write a line to the Countess, and we will send Griscelli with it."

The young fellow sat down at the Emperor's desk and wrote the following note —

"Dear Mama,

"I am writing from His Imperial Majesty's study, where I still am, much moved by the manner in which His Majesty received me. Please oblige me by giving our friend Griscelli the box containing Count de Morny's papers; the Emperor wishes it, and your devoted son entreats it.

"(Signed) Count de Lehon."

Provided with this talisman I hastened into the garden, where Pietri joined me, and asked why I had had the Countess's house surrounded.

"I will tell you about it to-morrow," said I.

I left the Prefect at the door once more, and mounted the stairs rapidly.

When I entered the salon the Countess came to me, threatening me with her fist, and screaming like a madwoman.

"What have you done with my son? You have murdered him! I am guarded by the police whilst awaiting my execution! My son, my son! Why don't you answer? What have you done with de Lehon?"

During these reproaches I had remained like a statue. When she ordered me to speak, for all answer I gave her the letter. She took it trembling, and read as far as "give the box."

"Never! never!" she cried with such violence that Pietri, hearing her outside, at once ran upstairs, thinking that I was stabbing her. At sight of Monsieur Pietri, whom she knew, the Countess ran into her room, vociferating —

"I yield to force. I shall protest before Europe against this sword-and-spy Government!"

I followed her into her room, took the box, and was going to give it to the Prefect, but he said —

"Carry it yourself. I will stay awhile to calm this madwoman. Only, tell the agents to return to the station."

When I entered the study with the box, His Imperial Majesty took it from my hands with a feverish movement.

"There is no key! Call the manager of the Castle, Monsieur Galis."

Just as I was crossing the salon to look for the manager, Monsieur Pietri arrived with the key.

When he had opened the box and examined certain letters the face of the head of the State grew bright with satisfaction. As soon as he had finished he offered his hand to Count de Lehon, saying —

"Count on my affection."

Then turning to Pietri —

"You must come and breakfast with the Empress to-morrow. You, Griscelli, will present yourself at ten o'clock."

All three of us went out; it was midnight. Monsieur Pietri treated us to a supper at Douir's, in the Palais Royal.

The *Moniteur* of the next day announced that young Lehon had been appointed Referendary, a few days afterwards Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, then Deputy, then President of the General Council of the Ain.

As for me, I received six thousand francs.

De Morny was married. The first persons whom the couple saw at the Gare du Nord on their return were M. and Mme. de Lehon. The first time the President and his wife left their palace, after their arrival in Paris, they paid a visit to the Countess de Lehon. That day I told the Prefect of Police that de Lehon had made fools of us all.

"Add that de Morny was his gabbler's accomplice,' replied Pietri.

When I was at Baden-Baden, in 1861, Count de Lehon met me, came to me, and invited me to dine at Stephani-Bad, where he was staying. Just as he was leaving for Paris he handed me a letter addressed to myself, which I at once read. It contained these words —

"Monsieur Griscelli,

"The service you rendered my family is one which can never be repaid. I regret not having more than the enclosed (2,500 francs) at my disposal. Accept it as a remembrance from the man who will always be delighted to be able to please you.

"Your affectionate friend,

"(Signed) Count de Lehon,

"Deputy of the Ain."

CHAPTER VI.

FIALIN DE PERSIGNY.

The personage who gives the title to this chapter was born near St. Etienne, of very poor parents. He was baptised under the name of Fialin, drew lots, and served his time (rising to the grade of non-commissioned officer) under the name of Fialin. He was dismissed from the regiment under that name, without a certificate of good conduct, for some indelicate action.

On arriving at Paris he boldly introduced himself to Commander Parquin, a Bonapartist recruiter, saying that he had been victimized on account of his Napoleonic opinions. This party leader received him—at that time the Napoleons considered numbers only—and sent him to London to the Prince, who needed partisans with whom to cross the frontier.

During the Strasburg affair, Fialin, dressed like a sergeant-major, instead of following the Prince to

the quarter where the artillery was stationed, quietly went to the staff of the town, and told General Voirol that he had been forced to take part in the plot. His accomplices were all arrested and tried; Master Fialin was not even questioned. The Strasburg chronicles said that Fialin was an agent of Louis Philippe.

On leaving Alsatia, which he did at will, he again went to Paris. His manner of life was somewhat mysterious. He was known to be poor, and yet his pockets were constantly well lined. People declared that Fialin *signed his name* every week for services rendered to the Prefecture of Police!

When Louis Napoleon again presented himself at Boulogne, in order to overthrow the July Government, Fialin, in his sergeant-major's uniform, carried the cage containing the Imperial eagle.* There he was arrested, and tried under the name of Fialin, and condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. They said in Paris that the Peers had given him the severest punishment because they had proof that Fialin had deceived the July Government by sending in false reports. The February Republic opened the doors of Fort St. Michel for him. He went straight to Forcy, presenting himself as a martyr to liberty. His countrymen elected him as the

* Which was said to have been trained to alight on Napoleon's head, as a sign of the Divine will.

representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly. His master, his chief in the Boulogne conspiracy, being also a people's representative, and staying at the Hotel du Rhin, Fialin sought him out, and from that day stuck to him like his shadow. The next day the ex-sergeant of dragoons signed his name de Persigny.

At the time of the *coup d'état* de Persigny was one of the most active agents. He was given the custody of the Bourbon Palace, along with Colonel L'Espinasse.

After the tenth of December Louis Napoleon married him to Mademoiselle de la Moskova—about whom people said a great many things—in spite of the mother's refusal to consent to the match. The dowry was seven million francs. The other seven millions, coming from the Lafitte fortune, belonged to the bride's brother, a lad of seventeen, who was at boarding-school, Rue d'Enfer, where, several days after Persigny's wedding, the young fellow was found *dead* in his bed.*

The ex-sergeant of dragoons had, therefore, fourteen millions. The first seven millions he obtained in spite of the wife's mother's refusal to consent, the other seven millions he had inherited through *death.* Both of these things occurred under the protectorate

* It was reported in the quarter that Zambo had been seen prowling about the College.

of his friend the Boulogne conspirator, in the nineteenth century, in the capital of France!

To be impartial, and in order to be able to add new facts relative to the hero of this article, I will add that the illustrious banker, perhaps foreseeing the miseries which would come to his daughter, married to a wicked and cruel husband, from whom she was separated, had left her the legatee of the fourteen millions until the majority of her children, who, unless they wished to be disinherited, were to remain under the sole guardianship of their mother. Well, notwithstanding this will, His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. married Mademoiselle de la Moskova to his favourite, without the mother's consent, and under his reign Pietri's and de Persigny's police took the fourteen millions away from the banker's daughter by the following means.

Madame la Princesse de la Moskova, *née* Lafitte, lived a very retired life in her father's house, No. 37, Rue Lafitte, with a young girl named Victorine, whom she had brought up. A spy, Delagnan, paid by Napoleon's two functionaries, introduced himself into the house under a disguise of seeming modesty and good morals. Not succeeding in seducing and carrying off the Princess's only friend, he had her arrested, and taken to the Madelonnettes.

Her mistress, accompanied by the illustrious poet

Béranger, went to Procurer-General Rowland to ask for her *protégée.* Victorine was restored to liberty. Then the Princess, thinking that her ward's beauty was the reason for all this, married her to Monsieur Dumont, formerly employed in the Maison Lafitte.

Alas! the illustrious and honest banker's daughter, that banker from whom Napoleon I. refused a receipt for four millions, counted without the police. The very night of the marriage Pietri had Victorine's husband carried off as a measure of general safety, and expelled him from French territory. Meanwhile, all these atrocities did not gain the end of the ex-sergeant of dragoons; the fourteen millions were still not in his cash-box. This is what was done in order to get them there: By the sentence of complaisant judges the Princess was interdicted as a madwoman. Lafitte's fourteen millions passed on to Persigny! Then William Tell's countrymen saw the only daughter of the banker, and ex-President of the Ministerial Council, the wife of Prince de la Moscova, and mother-in-law to Count de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, member of Napoleon's Privy Council, &c., living miserably at Chaux-de-Fonds (Switzerland) with Victorine and her husband, Monsieur Dumont, who worked night and day to get bread for their former mistress and their own family.

CHAPTER VII.

BACCIOCHI.

Monsieur Bacciochi was born at Ajaccio, and claims to be a kinsman of the Bonapartes. All Corsicans do. In 1848 he ran away from home to escape being arrested for debt, and took refuge at Bastia in the house of a vine-dresser named Catoni. After Prince Napoleon's election as President of the Republic he borrowed two hundred francs of the lawyer Cartuccia and went to Paris.

A few days later he was installed at the Elysée, near his so-called cousin, and was made a Count.

Although utterly devoid of brains, he knew how to amass a considerable fortune by obtaining his sovereign master's signature to the following more or less honest concessions :—The Napoleonic Docks, the monopoly of the Paris omnibuses, the increase of hackney cabs by five hundred additional vehicles, the Vichy waters, the Marseilles Docks, and the

Port of Ajaccio, given to Armand without a sealed tender.

During the examination of the Mirés bankruptcy it was discovered that Count de Bacciochi had received a million for *services rendered.*

On hearing of his Chamberlain's dealings with the Jew his august cousin made him Superintendent of Theatres and Director of Music in the Imperial Chapel.

In his princely opulence as an habitual guest at the Imperial table he found means to reward his friends in a befitting manner.

Catoni, the vine-dresser of Bastia, is now Inspector of Theatres, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. A son whom he had by Catoni's servant was taken to the Tuileries as a body-servant. Now young Bertora is the Chamberlain's secretary, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Lawyer Cartuccia, who lent him the two hundred francs, was unanimously elected President of the Senate at the Imperial Court at Bastia.

His friends declare Bacciochi to be worth five millions.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCTOR CONNEAU.

Some gossips have said that Doctor Conneau was once assistant cook to Queen Hortense. I do not know if it is true. All that I know is that the Queen of Holland, on her death-bed, made him promise never to leave her son, and that, except at rare intervals, Conneau kept his word.

In 1831, when the Prince escaped from Aunenberg and went to Poland, the doctor was sent to fetch him back, and was arrested at Augsberg. While he was being taken to prison he said that he had the cholera. His gaolers were terrified.

Two days afterwards he brought the fugitive back to his mother.

Arrested at Strasburg and Boulogne, he always shared his master's fortunes. When he helped him to escape from Fort Ham, and was questioned by the President, he replied —

"I helped him to escape because I love him!"

After the Empire he was made successively Head Physician to the Court, Director of the Chapel of Ease, and Deputy. He married the painter, Mademoiselle Pasquelini, whom he had attended professionally.

With all his good qualities, Dr. Conneau, if he had lived in Molière's time, would certainly have figured with Harpagon and Fozias, on account of the weakness which he displayed after the Crimean war.

Why was it, Doctor Conneau, that with all your good qualities you could not deny yourself the ambition of wearing a sword of honour?

After the Crimean war, during which Generals MacMahon and Pelissier had made themselves illustrious, the Irish for MacMahon, and the Normans for Pelissier, opened subscriptions with the design to offer each of them a sword of honour.

In the face of this deserving glory our Æsculapius sent to Corsica for his wife's cousin, and spoke to him in the following manner —

"You must send in your resignation as member of the General Council of the Department; the Prefect will receive orders to nominate me in your stead. The day of the ballot you must open a subscription for a sword to present to your Emperor's physician. Here is money with which to buy it, and for all the necessary expenses."

Some months afterwards the *Moniteur* announced to its readers that His Imperial Majesty's head physician, Doctor Conneau, had been *unanimously* elected member of the General Council of the District of Corsica in the room of Monsieur Colombani, whose resignation had been accepted, and that the electors, in a patriotic outburst, had, when the vote was carried, voted by acclamation a sword of honour to the faithful servant of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.

I will add in conclusion that the same number of the official organ contained in the official portion these words: "Monsieur Colombani, Dockyard Collector at the Porta, has been appointed financial receiver at Certi."

CHAPTER IX.

FOULD.

In order to relate the somewhat curious anecdote concerning the celebrated financier, I must go back a little, as far as the journey to Dieppe, where it took place.

After their Imperial Majesties had been united, they both conceived a great desire to travel in France—certainly a legitimate desire, if there ever was one. He was anxious to show the new Empress to the nation who had given him so many proofs of almost blind devotion by electing him Deputy, President of the Republic, and Emperor; she was equally anxious for the French to see her in her new character of Empress, a considerable change from that of a simple young Spanish girl.

The Cabinet was consulted, and opposed the journey for the following reasons:—

1st. Two-thirds of the departments were in a state of siege.

2nd. More than 20,000 Frenchmen were either in prison or exiled.

3rd. The country people did not like the union with Spain.

His Excellency Saint Arnaud, Minister of War, combated these arguments; he wanted the Emperor to travel through two lines of bayonets.

His Excellency de Maupas, Minister of Police, also wished the journey to take place, but he thought that the royal safety should be ensured by putting in motion the entire gendarmery and police of France!

These notions were warmly opposed by Fould, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Monsieur Pietri and I were summoned to de Persigny, Minister of the Interior. His Excellency made us go into his study, and the discussion began. The Minister of the Interior told us that their Imperial Majesties wished to travel, they did not care where, and that they wished the journey to last a month. We spread out the map of France, and stopped at Dieppe, a little seaport town in the Lower Seine. There the Emperor might (apparently) take sea-baths. Dieppe was approved of the next day in a Cabinet Council.

In a few hours a hundred picked policemen were dressed in plain clothes; they were to draw up, two by two, at all the stations along the route, to excite

the populace to crowd together and cry "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress! Long live the saviour of France!" etc., when the Imperial party passed.

Then they were to repair to Dieppe, take separate lodgings, and pretend not to know each other, unless something serious happened. They were to walk on the beach, bathe, and generally conduct themselves like people out on a holiday.

Besides his expenses, each man received 10 francs full pay per diem. Meanwhile, in order to win over the townsfolk and neighbourhood, de Persigny left Paris ten days before the departure of the Court, carrying with him a whole basketful of crosses and decorations.

The mayor, his two colleagues, four municipal councillors, two chemists, the directors of the hospital, the bank, the Mont-de-Piété,* and nearly all the rural mayors received the red ribbon.

Fifty thousand francs were distributed amongst the relief-offices, the hospitals, the convents, and the poor of the district. All the articles at the Mont-de-Piété were redeemed!

These preparations completed, their Imperial Majesties, M. and Mdme. de Montebello, General Fleury, and Tascher de la Pagerie left Paris. At every station the well-dressed men showed their

* Government pawnshop.

devotion and strength of lung by shouting through the whole programme.

In spite of all these expenses and crosses, which reached an enormous total, the bourgeoisie of Dieppe refused to lend their daughters, dressed in white, to go to the station and offer a bouquet to Mdme. de Montijo's daughter. They were obliged to take twenty orphans out of the hospital to perform this portion of the festive programme.

In 1831, when Louis Philippe entered Dieppe, on his way to Eu, he was received with an immense roar of "Long live the Duchess de Berry! Long live Henry V.! Down with Philippe Egalité!"

The compatriots of the great Daguesne still remembered the benefactions of the elder line, who left throughout Normandy proofs of generosity which could never be forgotten.

At six o'clock in the evening, when the Imperial train entered the station, a formidable vocal explosion was heard of, "*Long live the saviour of France! Long live,*" etc., etc. The well-dressed men and the new Chevaliers had indeed earned their pay!

The Imperial carriage was surrounded by the young girls, the newly-decorated officials, and Pietri's sea-bathers, and accompanied through the town to cries of "*Long live,*" etc., until it reached the Town Hall. When he entered, Napoleon caught

sight of de Persigny, and in his popular glee went straight to the Minister, saying :

"Listen to those cries of joy! They have accompanied us ever since we left Paris! You Ministers do not really know Bonapartist France!"

With all his intelligence, the Emperor of the French had not discovered that Pietri was the wire-puller, and these cries of joy cost the taxpayers *one million francs*, without counting other expenses connected with fêtes, balls, and steeplechases that the departments incurred in their efforts to welcome their Sovereign.

On the occasion of a grand performance given by artists who had been sent for from Paris, the aide-de-camp on duty, General Montebello, ordered me to accompany him to the theatre, where he said —

"You must station two of your men underneath the box. You will stand at the door, and must let no one enter, be he whom he may, unless he has been sent for."

An hour later the auditorium of the Dieppe theatre presented a fairy-like appearance—epaulettes and embroidery, united with the fluttering toilettes of the great ladies who had come from the capital with the Imperial dignitaries. The agents of the Prefect of Police were scattered throughout the theatre.

At the end of the first act a crowd of people made

their way towards the Imperial box. Monsieur Fould, Monsieur Leroy, Prefect of the department, and Monsieur Frank Carré, Chief Justice, came to the box. I told His Excellency very politely that my instructions would not allow anyone to enter.

"Police instructions!" replied the Minister with disdain, passing the door.

I seized him so violently by the collar of his coat that he fell back amidst the crowd which filled the hall, then putting my hand on my dagger, I said —

"If you were not Napoleon's Minister you would be a corpse."

The music of the second act summoned the spectators back to their places, but noisy conversations attracted the attention of the Emperor, who called the aide-de-camp and inquired the cause. In a few words I told the General about the affair before he appeared before their Imperial Majesties. At the end of the act the promenaders in front of the Imperial box were still more numerous. Abbattucci, Pietri, de Morny, and de Persigny, enemies of Fould, congratulated me as they passed. Leroy and Frank Carré complained to the acting aide-de-camp, who replied that Monsieur le Ministre ought to consider himself lucky at having got off with only a scare.

At the end of the performance I accompanied their Imperial Majesties to the Town Hall. A crowd

at once surrounded me to ask what had happened. In reply, I went to bed. Then began the gossiping; some saying that the Minister had been stabbed because he wanted to assassinate Napoleon and proclaim the Comte de Paris; others that Fould had been murdered by a stranger. Each one had his own particular story.

Next day, at twelve o'clock, I was summoned to the salon where all the great dignitaries were assembled at a general reception. As soon as His Imperial Majesty arrived he called me and made me relate what had happened the evening before. I did so accurately up to the moment when I had said, "You would be a corpse!"

"And if the Minister had persisted in entering, what would you have done?" asked the Emperor, looking at Fould.

"I should have stabbed him, sire."

"Bravo!" cried Marshal Magnan, behind me.

At this the entire assembly burst out laughing.

From that day forth Monsieur Fould dedicated to me a hatred which only died out five years afterwards in a hunt at Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER X.

SAINT-ARNAUD (ARNAUD LEROY).

General Saint-Arnaud, after having got his living as an actor and a fencing-master in London, managed, more or less honestly, to attain the positions of Marshal of France, Minister of War, Grand Equerry, Commander-in-Chief of the Crimean army, etc. Whilst he was Minister of War he accompanied the Emperor to Vincennes, where His Imperial Majesty was reviewing the garrison of the fort and the Captains who, before being made commanders of battalions, were going through the riding-school. After the march past we started to return to the Tuileries; while we were passing through the Faubourg St. Antoine, Napoleon III. called me to him, and gave me a letter, saying —

"Read that; you will see what is to be done, and report to Monsieur Pietri."

After leaving His Imperial Majesty at the bottom of the small staircase, I opened the letter and read :—

"SIRE,

"General Athalin, aide-de-camp to the man whom the people drove from France in 1848, is in Paris since the day before yesterday. I am assured that he is recruiting officers for the Orleanist party. I warn your Imperial Majesty that if he presents himself at Vincennes I shall have him shot like a dog.

"The Commander of the Fort of Vincennes.

"(Signed) DE BOURJEOLY."

After mastering the contents of this statement I started at once in the direction of the Palais Royal to see a certain Dremoulin, ex-valet to General Athalin, now Prince Jerome's porter, who told me that his former master, the General, had been dangerously ill at Colmar for two months past, and begged me, in order to get more certain news, to go to Number 45, Rue du Mont-Blanc, where I would find someone who could furnish it.

On leaving the Palais Royal I went straight to Number 45, where, indeed, I discovered de Bourjeoly's report to be a lie from beginning to end. The General had not been in Paris since the 25th of February, 1848. He had come to France solely on account of his health, and was now so ill that a number of Orleanists had left for Colmar to assist at their friend's funeral.

I will not conceal the fact that I was never so

delighted at any matter entrusted to me. I was pleased at being able to say that the General had deliberately lied to the Emperor.

Armed with this valuable information, which I took care to have written down, I hied me to the Prefect of Police, to whom I first gave the General's report. On reading it Pietri grew crimson with anger.

"Beast of a General!" said the Prefect; "does he want a place as police-spy? Do I mix myself up with his affairs? Why does he interfere with mine?"

"To brave the lie given him," said I, handing him what I had written.

"Oh! good! very good! bravo!" and the Prefect's face cleared more and more as he read the counter report.

"Thank you," said he, when I told him that I had had the report from His Imperial Majesty, who had commanded me to give him an account of it.

"He might take it to the Tuileries this evening," added Pietri, "but I want Saint-Arnaud to see it first. Come to me to-morrow at nine o'clock. We will go together to see the Minister for War."

The following day, at nine, the Prefect and I entered the office of Saint-Arnaud, who came forward to greet us, saying —

"Behold! the two Corsicans have come to arrest the Minister for War!"

"Not to arrest your Excellency, but to make you angry," replied Pietri, handing him General Bourjeoly's report. Marshal Saint-Arnaud, tall, lean, of nervous, bilious habit, read the report and broke out into an extraordinary rage.

"The ingrate! the traitor! the cowardly, infamous General! And without Baron Athalin this wretch would still be sub-Lieutenant Bourjeoly! Ah, wretch! you leave for Africa to-morrow, or I am no longer Minister."

And with a movement of nervous haste he turned to put the report in his desk.

Monsieur Pietri stretched out his hand to take it, saying that he must carry it to His Imperial Majesty. Saint-Arnaud, who was irritated by the contents of the report, answered the Prefect of Police somewhat dryly that he, and not the Prefect, was the one to deliver it to the Emperor. Both rose, ready to stab one another. I boldly stepped in between, saying, in rather a loud voice—

"Pardon me, gentlemen! but neither of you shall carry that report to the Emperor; I, your humble servant, shall do so!" My bold sally astonished them both. "His Imperial Majesty gave it to me yesterday in your presence, your Excellency; and it is I who obtained the reply and should give it up to him. If I reported it to Monsieur le Préfet, it is in the interest of the service. If Monsieur le Préfet

gave you an account of it, it was out of deference, because we have had it in our hands since last night. Monsieur Pietri might have taken it to His Imperial Majesty. He preferred not doing so until to-day, that he might have the pleasure of showing you both the General's false report and the information which I have obtained, and which prove that the Commander of the Fort of Vincennes is a calumniator."

Whilst I was talking Monsieur Pietri tried his best not to laugh. When I had finished Saint-Arnaud said —

"Brigand of a Corsican, you deserve to be shot by the guard!"

"I am certain that your Excellency will think twice before giving such an order!"

"Ah! yes; I had forgotten the dagger you showed Fould." Then taking out a superb Arabian poignard, "But we have such things too!" said Saint-Arnaud, laughing, and shaking Pietri's hand. Then he gave me his dagger and purse, saying, "I wish all the Prefect's *employés* were like you."

I requested the Prefect to make His Excellency the Minister acquainted with the second report.

The perusal of this second sheet calmed the Minister to such a degree that he stretched out both hands to the Prefect, with the two reports, and burst out laughing.

"And without this brigand of a Corsican we should have fought like two street porters!"

He gave me his purse without counting what was in it, and an African dagger of great beauty. Monsieur Pietri proposed that we should all go to the Tuileries together. The Marshal agreed, and we all three rode in the same carriage as far as the entrance to the Pont-Royal, where I got out, the other two going to see Napoleon III. A moment later the Chamberlain on duty, de Gricourt, called me and ushered me into the Imperial study, where the two above-mentioned dignitaries already were. His Imperial Majesty ordered me to repeat what had taken place at the War Office. I gave a very precise account; whilst I was speaking my three hearers laughed heartily. At the end I threw the purse and the dagger on the Imperial table. Napoleon picked up the purse and counted twenty-seven Napoleons, then said to Pietri —

"And what will you give?"

"All I have with me."

He had twenty-three Napoleons.

The Emperor added fifty from his cash-box, which made two thousand francs. Then he took the Arabian dagger and asked for mine (which was a superb Corsican stiletto).

"Which do you prefer?"

"The Corsican stiletto, sire, because I know what it can do!"

From that day forth the Marshal seemed to take a special interest in me; and when he left for the Crimea I accompanied him as far as Fontainebleau.

That evening's *Moniteur* announced that General Bourjeoly had been placed at the disposal of the Governor of Algeria.

Six years later, in 1859, I was sitting tranquilly in a room in the Hotel Victoria, at Geneva, when the major-domo came to beg me to move my luggage out, as he was forced to change my room, a traveller having arrived who wanted two rooms on the first floor. I told him that I did not want to change, as my money was as good as anyone else's.

The General, who was behind the hotel-keeper, presented himself to view, and said in his soldier-like way —

"Very well, you will be kicked out if you won't go of your own accord!"

"And then they will shoot me like a dog! *General de Bourjeoly!*"

An hour later Baron Athalin's false denunciator was on his way to Lyons.

CHAPTER XI.

BAROCHE.

Monsieur Baroche, a Parisian lawyer, was one of the first to offer his services in the Napoleonic cause. In turn Procuror-General and Minister, President of the Assembly charged to draw up the new Constitution, President of the State Council, and Government orator, he passed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to the Home Office, and is now Administering Justice. For a long time he boasted of having been one of the Deputies who demanded the trial of Minister Guizot.

On the 2nd of December, although he had long before that sold himself to the President of the Republic, when he heard of the *coup d'état* and the arrest of his colleagues, he immediately hid himself in his cellar, ordering the servants to say that he had gone into the country. It was not until the evening of the 4th, after he had heard from the lips of his wife and sons that the President had put down the

revolt, that he consented to emerge from his hiding-place, where he had slept two nights.

On the morning of the 5th he threw himself at Napoleon's feet and vowed eternal fidelity to him. He was made President of the Government Commission.

It was Baroche who announced to his august master the results of the votes for the Presidency and the Empire.

When the Mirès affair was made known Baroche's eldest son was discovered to be implicated to the extent of two hundred thousand francs, received for services rendered !

At this news Baroche hastened to his Sovereign to offer his resignation.

The Emperor refused, ordering the son, who was Secretary-General to the Ministry of Agriculture, to be deprived of office and sent beyond the frontier for two years.

The other son was made Receiver-General of a department, so that he might get along without Mirès !

CHAPTER XII.

TROPLONG.

This great magistrate of the Empire was a plain Attorney-General at Bastia (Corsica) at the time His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans journeyed thither. His young and very beautiful wife (*née* Girard) attached herself to the Royal Prince, acted as his *cicerone*, and did not leave him alone until she had obtained the nomination for her husband of President of the Court of Justice.

In 1848 she repaired to Paris, and settled at Crémieux, saying—like all Corsicans—that she was a kinswoman of Louis Blanc. And Madame Troplong, still beautiful, did not depart from the waiting-room of the Minister of the Republic until her husband had been nominated Chief Justice of the Paris Court. After the Chief Justice's election Madame Troplong knocked at the door of Pietri, the Bacchiochis and the Casabiancas, and did not cease intriguing until the day on which her husband was

called to the Court of Appeal. After the Empire the Justice's wife (still passably beautiful) haunted the Elysée until she had become the first *Presidentess* of the Senate.

Later, Madame Troplong wanted to be an Academician's wife. But she is no longer young, and it is doubtful if her husband's talents would suffice to gain for him the votes of the immortals. Now Madame la Presidente, installed at the Luxembourg, dreams of being made a Duchess. But, alas! the title has not yet come.

CHAPTER XIII.

COLLET MAIGRET.

The chameleon who forms the subject of this chapter was secretary to Du Jarry, Louis Philippe's Minister, before the revolution of 1848. In this capacity he was renowned for his ultra-Philippist opinions. The day following the February episode the Republic contained no more rabid Republican than he. He founded a newspaper at Lyons, and the arguments with which he had attacked the Republicans, when Royalty was in the ascendant, he vomited forth with even more cynicism against his former chiefs and early benefactors. Ledru-Rollin, who he took care should see his paper, wishing to reward this new neophyte's zeal, made him Sub-Prefect at Bédarieux. During the Presidential elections he forsook the fading star of his party, and attached himself to that of Louis Napoleon.

During the *coup d'état* the first sound of firing found him in the cellar of Monsieur Salamon, the

Engineer of the Department, and he did not emerge until three days later, when he had been assured that everything was once more in order. Then he seized his reporter's pen and drew up an account of the events in which he proved that, thanks to his energy and strategic measures, the Republicans and Socialists had been crushed at all points by the cry of, "Long live Napoleon! Long live the saviour of France!" The Minister of the Interior, de Morny, summoned him to Paris to become Secretary-General to the Prefecture of Police. By regularly visiting the great men of the day, and much cringing, he got himself appointed Director of the General Safety of the Empire. The first report he made to the Emperor was aimed at Pietri, his former friend, chief, and benefactor. The Prefect of Police found it out, and, being a Corsican, he had no rest until he obtained his dismissal from office for certain irregularities in the handling of the *secret funds*. Solely that he might steal without check, he was made Receiver-General of the Finances of the Jura. At the time of the Mirès overthrow it was discovered that the ex-Director-General of Imperial Safety had given receipts to a Jew for the sum of two hundred thousand francs, coming from the sale of telegrams containing State secrets. This time he was dismissed for good and all.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROTHSCHILD.

A FEW days after the elections of the tenth of December, 1851, three men were sitting at a table at the Elysée—Napoleon, the President of the Republic, Rothschild, the banker, and Victor Hugo, the poet and people's representative. While stooping the latter let fall a paper.

"These are the verses of a young girl who asks Monsieur the President of the Republic to pardon her father confined at Clichy."

"Head of the State though I am, I can do nothing in this case," replied Napoleon. "Where debts are concerned the Baron is more powerful than I."

"Read us the verses, if you please," said the Jew to the great poet, "then, if you desire it, I will do all that is necessary."

The verses were pronounced to be admirable.

Next day Mademoiselle Geffrotin left the convent where her father had placed her before his incarcera-

tion so that she should not be left alone, and went to the house at Clichy to fetch him whom a stranger had liberated. They went back joyously to their modest lodging. But oh! what a surprise! Everything was changed! The old furniture and curtains had been replaced by furniture from Boule's, and the curtains were of French muslin. Everything in old Geffrotin's room was of velvet and red damask. In the young girl's chamber white silk and green damask velvet abounded. To all this the unknown had added a bundle of banknotes to the amount of ten thousand francs. Questioned by the father and daughter, the old servant said that a gentleman had come in the morning with a van, furnished the house, and left the banknotes for her to give her master without saying another word.

"It is he!" cried the released prisoner. "I knew quite well, when I was organizing the Society of the tenth of December, that if I spent my savings for Louis Napoleon the President of the Republic would reimburse me with heavy interest. Long live Napoleon!" again repeated the old soldier of the first French Empire.

I say "old soldier of the first French Empire" because the young girl's father was formerly a captain in Napoleon I.'s army; from 1815 to 1830 he had refused to serve the *Blancs*, as he called the Bourbons; but at sight of the tricoloured flag he

had again entered the ranks, gone through a campaign in Africa, and then retired.

When Louis Napoleon arrived in Paris the old Captain became, with General Piat, one of the organizers of the Society of the tenth of December. His purse being much smaller than his Napoleonic enthusiasm, he had been forced to run into debt, and had given bills to a certain Lehonith, a red-hot Orleanist, who thought he had performed a political action the day on which he had the equally rabid Bonapartist shut up at Clichy.

Ten months after the occurrences recounted above Mademoiselle Geffrotin gave birth to a male child. At the sight of the creature and the sound of its cries the old soldier sprang to the cradle and demanded in a stentorian voice —

"Tell me the name of the father or I will strangle it!"

"Monsieur de Rothschild," answered the mother.

"Rothschild! . . . Ah! I have it now! . . . This gilded furniture, these banknotes, this luxury were the price of my honour! And I, old fool that I am, who thought that it was *he!* I might have known; he does not look at all like the other one! He has the face and manner of a German Baron!"

Captain Geffrotin took his hat and cane and repaired to the Stock Exchange. Going up the staircase of that temple of finance he saw Baron

Rothschild talking amidst a group of exchange brokers. The old soldier went forward, and calling him aside, told him the object of his visit.

"A child! a child! Whose father I am?" said the Jew. "Come, no more blackmailing!"

He had not finished before he received a frightful blow in the face.

The police arrested Geffrotin and took him to the manager of the Stock Exchange (Monsieur Hubeau). Without examining him, this gentleman, as soon as he heard that the prisoner had dared to strike the money-king, sent him to the Conciergerie, where, three days afterwards, he was summoned by Monsieur Rhau, the examining magistrate, to be questioned.

At the first words the Captain stopped the magistrate, saying—

"Write that I shall kill Baron Rothschild the first day I regain my liberty for having dishonoured my daughter. I will sign nothing else."

The examining magistrate had him taken to prison, and hastened to give Baroche, the Attorney-General, an account of the prisoner's declaration.

Two hours afterwards Captain Geffrotin reached his home at Montmartre. His old servant announced that his daughter had been summoned to the banker's. Without sitting down Geffrotin hastened to the Rue Florentin and went to the room which his daughter had just entered.

The Procuror-General was in the Crœsus' sanctuary with the Baron.

As soon as the girl-mother came in Rothschild gave her his hand, made her sit down by him, and asked —

"What day was the child born?"

"The twenty-second of October."

"Ha! let me see!" said the Baron, drawing a memorandum-book from his pocket, "this date corresponds exactly with the twenty-second of January. Now read, Procuror-General. That day Mademoiselle Geffrotin went to the Elysée. Now, I ask her, is Napoleon, Victor Hugo, or am I the father of your child? Leave my house, you disreputable girl, and tell your dullard of a father that we will have him taken to Cayenne the first time he dares to speak to us!"

"Then I will go to Cayenne to-day," said the Captain, entering, and he seized the Jew by the throat with a vigorous hand, crying, "Ah! scoundrel! so you dishonour young girls and then have their fathers put in prison!"

Baroche seized Geffrotin, and leading him to the door, said —

"Go home quickly; I take everything upon myself."

Father and daughter descended the staircase with different feelings—the father glad at having

squeezed the windpipe of the man who had got him three days' imprisonment; the daughter humiliated by the affront she had received. On leaving the Rue Florentin, and before returning to Montmartre, they both stopped at the Elysée, which Geffrotin entered in order to tell Persigny, then the factotum of the President of the Republic, all that had happened to him from the time he went to Clichy up to the present moment.

When they reached home, Number 9, Place de la Mairie, Montmartre, the father and daughter found ten thousand francs and a title-deed for an annuity of one thousand francs, with these words —

"I desire the child to be called Solomon!"

CHAPTER XV.

MOUVILLON DE GLIMES.

Mouvillon de Glimes—although a Spaniard by birth, he was educated in France—was Don Carlos' Ambassador to St. Petersburg. At the fall of this uncrowned king he became intimate with Countess de Montijo, a young widow, who shared his political convictions. They went all over Italy, France, Germany, England, Belgium, etc., together, accompanied by young Eugenie. All three stopped at the same hotels, shared the same apartments, and ate at the same table.

People seeing them pass, would say—"Father, mother, and daughter."

On their dear Eugenie's marriage, Madame de Montijo left for Madrid, and de Glimes became a financier. He founded at Glichy-la-Garonne a limited joint-stock company, with a capital of six million francs, and called it, *Chemical Products*. He assumed

the qualification of chemist, and laid hold of the title of manager.

Is it credible—and yet it is the pure truth—that a Spaniard, without management, without employés, without having had a single share printed, was able to get the shares up to from thirty to thirty-five francs premium, exchange-brokers' quotations, thanks to a pressing recommendation coming direct from the steps of the Throne?

To oblige the young Queen, Napoleon's partisans and many of the castle employés took shares in the *Chemical Products.*

General Schram	fr. 30,000
General Fleury	„ 25,000
Chamberlain Tascher de la Pagerie ...	„ 30,000
Deputy Belmontet	„ 20,000
Deputy Husson	„ 15,000
Colonel Thirion	„ 12,000
General Vaudrey	„ 10,000
Manager Gelis...	„ 10,000
Employé Griscelli	„ 72,000
Employé Alessandri	„ 10,000
Employé Bertora	„ 5,000
Monsieur de Bassano	„ 25,000
Monsieur de Pierre...	„ 25,000
Monsieur de Lourmel	„ 25,000
Monsieur de Wagner	„ 25,000
The Banker Vallet, passage Saunier ...	„ 450,000

The Banker Levêque, Rue de la Victoire	fr.	600,000
„ „ Exchange Agent Gouin ...	„	150,000
Total fr....		1,539,000

One million five hundred and thirty-nine thousand francs. The very day the Montijo's lover stole this sum Count Mouvillon de Glimes crossed the Pyrenees and repaired to Madrid, rejoining his former companion.

A complaint was at once lodged with Chaix-d'Estange, then Procuror-General, who transmitted it to Monsieur Camusat de Busseroles, Examining Judge, that the latter might begin an inquiry. But, alas! notwithstanding the power of the injured subscribers, who asked for de Glimes' arrest and extradition, a still greater power put a stop to it all—complaint, witnesses' evidence, etc., etc. A short while after that Monsieur Chaix became a Senator, and Monsieur Camusat was made a Councillor.

The Mouvillon trial had been buried without hope of resurrection!

CHAPTER XVI.

DEUX DECEMBRE (COUP D'ÉTAT).

THE same thing might be said of the author of this *coup d'état* that was said by all Europe: "He did too much good to deserve being badly spoken of, but he did too much evil to deserve being well spoken of."

Considering the many opinions expressed by the many writers who have described this anniversary of Austerlitz, I require a great deal of boldness to enable me to venture on this page of political history. But do not fear, oh, reader! I have only the boldness of my position, and as such, I shall not add one more page of history to the many we already have. It is simply the report of a secret agent, who has had the sad privilege of being an actor and at the same time a spectator of this unique deed in the world's history.

The intelligent reader will, no doubt, remember the proposal of the questors Baze, Parent, Leflo, etc., who wanted to replace the executive power in the

command of the enemy in Paris. It is this memorable day which made our national historian exclaim, "The Empire is made!" and which gave birth to the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December.

If Monsieur Baze's demand had been voted for, the shooting and a new 18th Brumaire would have begun at once. The troops had their orders, cartridges had been distributed, and the horses were saddled. Saint-Arnaud (Minister for War) was waiting outside the doors of the Assembly, surrounded by the acting aides-de-camp, ready to receive their master's orders.

When the Assembly rose, Saint-Arnaud proceeded to the Elysée. Monsieur de Maupas and Monsieur de Morny were summoned to the Prince President's study. When the deliberation was over, de Maupas was in possession of the suspects, and the 2nd of December had three godfathers.

On reaching the Prefecture, the Prefect of Police immediately summoned as many agents as there were men to be watched, and without letting one know what the other was doing, he gave each man the following order:—"You are to follow Monsieur ——, Deputy, day and night. You must know where he goes, what he does, and the names of his visitors. You are to obey no orders except mine. Every night, when he is safe in bed, you are to

bring me a full report." The next day all these reports were taken to the President of the Republic.

On the other hand, Messrs. Baze and Co. were conspiring too. They drew up lists of suspects, chose the officers of the National Guard, and fixed upon the mayoralty of the 10th arrondissement as the rallying point around which their party were to assemble and proclaim an Orleanist Government. Unfortunately for them, Monsieur de Maupas was quite aware of all their plots. The Republican party alone, in spite of the discontent of the masses and the complaints of the Press, remained quiet.

On the 1st of December every report submitted by the agents announced that all the parties had agreed to unite in sending the head of the Republic to Vincennes and proclaiming his fall.

To mask the *coup d'état*, the evening of the same day was taken up by a concert which the Prince President gave at the Presidential house, and to which he had invited all that France contained of the most renowned in science and art. The illustrious Felicien David was having his *Desert* performed. The rooms were crowded to overflowing. It was a huge success.

At the moment when Louis Napoleon was about to leave his room and join the assembly, a young Legitimist Deputy (Monsieur de Kendrel) entered

and announced to him that a revolution was being prepared by the Republicans and Orleanists, by which they meant to seize the President of the Republic and shut him up at Vincennes.

He answered —

"Thank you for your warning. Go back to the concert. We will speak of it to-morrow."

Another Deputy, Casabianca, who, during the concert, accidentally entered the study of the head of the State, and there saw the plans of the conspiracy (inadvertently left out), was surprised by the Prefect of Police. Being asked to put his name to the proclamations, he refused, and was arrested and shut up in a room until next day. De Morny, one of the heroes of the drama which was to be enacted during the night, had been to the opera for the purpose of showing himself.

A witty lady having asked him —

"Is it true that the House is to be swept clean?"

"Yes," replied the future Minister of the Interior with equal wit, "and I have kept my place by the broomhandle."

At midnight, the concert being over, everything around the Elysée sank into darkness. A single lamp in the study of the President of the Republic lighted a little table, around which were gathered the four actors in the piece which was to be played during the next few days: Louis Napoleon, de

Morny, Saint-Arnaud, and de Maupas. Persigny, de Beville, Edgard Ney, and another, whom the reader will divine, were in a room next to the study.

General Magnan was summoned. But at the first mention of a *coup d'état*, wishing to obliterate the memory of his treachery in the Strasburg skirmish, he rose and said —

"Gentlemen, I agree to everything. I will sign everything. But as the Minister for War is present, I need know one thing only: that I shall receive my orders five minutes before action."

While Magnan was going out the President of the Republic called me, ordered me to follow the General and not leave him until further instructions.

As soon as the decrees were signed, Colonel de Beville immediately started for the printing-office, whither a company of Paris Guards had already gone to watch the workmen whilst they printed the proclamations which were to change the form of government, by being posted throughout France on the 2nd December, 1851.

Prince Napoleon, President of the Republic he had sworn to respect, opened a cupboard and took from it four packets. The first he gave to de Morny; this packet contained 500,000 francs, plus the nomination of Minister of the Interior. The new functionary took them, then went to take possession of his post, whither he ordered a com-

pany of Vincennes infantry to guard him. The second packet was given to de Maupas; it contained the list of all the representatives, generals, men of letters, and party chiefs who were to be arrested, besides 500,000 francs.

The third packet, more voluminous, was handed to Saint-Arnaud. To the 500,000 francs for himself was added a list of the sums mentioned below:

Generals of Divisions	fr.	20,000 each.
Generals of Brigades	„	10,000 „
Colonels of Regiments	„	6,000 „
Staff-Colonels	„	4,000 „
Commanders of Battalions	„	2,000 „
Captains of Companies	„	1,000 „
Lieutenants and Sub-Lieutenants	„	400 „
Adjutant Non-Commissioned Officers	„	150 „
Corporals and Cavalrymen of corresponding rank	„	10 „
Soldiers, Drummers, and Trumpeters	„	5 „

All these sums came from the 50,000,000 which the head of the State had forced the Bank of France to advance. The governors of this establishment consented on condition that they might be given the right to augment their capital to 600 millions of francs; this right was accorded to them

The fourth packet, the smallest, was opened; it contained only 100,000 francs, which were distributed to the aides-de-camp, the *employés* and servants. I confess to having received as my share, from de Persigny's hands, the sum of 2,500 francs.

Paris, which had gone to bed a Republic, woke up an Empire! But an Empire which had violated Oath, Constitution, Universal Suffrage, Laws, etc.; which had arrested, imprisoned, transported, or exiled one-half of France. The other half was either gagged or in a state of siege.

All the Deputies who had been watched for days past were either at Mazas or Fort Ham.

Towards ten o'clock the majority of the representatives of the Orleanist party had gathered at their usual place. They had proclaimed the fall of the President, appointed a Provisory Government, and a Commander-in-Chief of the Public Forces. A brigade of police, with a company of Vincennes Infantry, invaded the hall, arrested all the members, and took them at the point of the bayonet to the Bonaparte Barracks, Quai, St. Orsay.

Some other meetings which took place shared the same fate. All the newspapers were stopped.

The printing houses of the Republican papers were searched. That night Prince Napoleon left the Elysée and crossed Paris by the quays as far as

the Town Hall. Then, passing through the Boulevards de la Bastille as far as the Madeleine, he was met everywhere by cries of: "Long live the Republic!" During the night of the 2nd, barricades went up as if by enchantment in the populous quarters—the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine, Saint-Denis, Saint-Martin, Rue Grenetat. Some of them were formidable.

At break of day Baudin, Deputy for Paris, presented himself at the barricade in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and showing his representative's scarf, ordered the sentinel to let him pass. A bullet in the breast was the answer.

This shot was the signal for the carnage to begin.

At the Elysée the horses were saddled and harnessed. The postillions were in the saddle. The remainder of the *fifty millions* which had been taken from the Bank were watched over by General Roquet, who was ready to cross the frontier. Flying columns crossed the capital in every direction, sowing death and terror. Everything was in motion. The great Captain's nephew alone was quietly seated in his study, smoking a cigar. And when, at intervals, some Staff-Officer appeared to tell him that such and such a barricade was impregnable he invariably answered —

"Execute my orders!"

His orders were to raze Paris rather than to imitate Charles X. and Louis Philippe.

The French, at fifty years interval, have seen and borne two Napoleons. The first, on the 2nd of December, 1802, broke up the Coalition at Austerlitz, and said to his soldiers —

"I am pleased with you."

The second, on the 2nd December, 1851, broke up the Press, killed liberty, cut the throats of women and children in Paris, and said to his generals —

"Burn the capital!"

A great poet said —

"Des deux Napoléon les gloires sont égales,
Fort bien chacun le sait ; ce ne sont faits nouveaux :
D'Europe le premier prenait les capitales ;
Le second aux Français prenait leurs capitaux!"

If these verses do not contain *everything*, it is impossible better to describe the actions of the two Napoleons.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMTE DE GLAVES.

This young Count was also a Spaniard. In 1848 he lived at No. 20, Rue de la Madeleine. Being a grandee and very rich, he lived well, having a box at the Opera and the Italiens; he was one of the lions of the Jockey Club. His house, which was elegantly furnished, was the rendezvous of the cream of French aristocracy. Monsieur de Glimes, Madame de Montijo, and the future Empress were his very assiduous visitors.

The gossips of the quarter declare that the young Duchess de Theba often went there.

Some time after the Imperial wedding, while leading a quadrille, the noble Castilian slipped and fell on the Tuileries floor, and fractured his left leg. The music stopped at once, and the dancers ceased. The Empress hastened to the injured man, and, with a burst of kindness, insisted upon having an

apartment prepared for him in the palace of the Kings of France.

One evening Napoleon went to the Empress's apartment. She was not there. Returning to his own room the Emperor passed the sick man's apartments, whence issued joyous bursts of laughter.

Two hours later a police agent took possession of de Glaves, crippled as he was, and conducted him to the Spanish frontier. He hinted to him that the French empire was from that time forth closed to him.

Some years ago the Empress of the French thought she would like once more to see the house in which the Duchess de Theba had passed her youth. There, one reception day, the former Tuileries dancer (Count de Glaves) tried to introduce himself. But Count de Lagrange (by order of his master) forbade him to enter.

Next morning the Spanish newspapers announced that the Chamberlain Lagrange had said —

"If you pass the door I have orders to blow your brains out!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

I SAID, and with knowledge of the case, in Chapter VII. that the secret police is an institution created by tyrants that they may have the right to raise millions from the taxpayers under the name of secret funds, etc., etc.

This chapter will bring back sad memories to many Parisian families, but it will enlighten many people on the subject of this mob of agents who are occupied only in watching each other, or in playing the infamous part of hired plotters that they may keep the masses in the state of discontentment so necessary to men of their calling, and which enables them to pose before the blind Government as indispensable.

France and Paris will remember what perfect calm reigned throughout the French Empire during the Crimean war. All parties had joined hands to combat the Russian colossus. The police busied

itself in sowing tares where nought but peace was seen, and concord and industry. They marked out as the goal of their manœuvres two large factories into which flowed French and foreign orders. In obedience to superior orders, two plotting spies got themselves accepted as workmen. One, named Lagrange, under the alias of Jules, entered the Réné-Caille factory, Quai Billy; the other, Platot, under the name of Martin, was admitted into the iron-chair and arm-chair factory, Barriére de l'Etoile. These two agents had orders to be of model exactness in their work. They were to agitate politically during meals and on *fête* days only. They were not to return to the prefecture until midnight on Sundays to receive new instructions and money, and to make their report. They were to pay for drinks for those who allowed themselves to be ensnared. They were to communicate with one another openly to make their dupes believe that they were on the brink of a great revolution, and that Napoleon and the Spanish lady were to be put out of the way once for all either by assassination or by forcible abduction. As soon as the agents obtained enough signatures to make the Court and timid people believe that the parties were conspiring, they gave their victims rendezvous at the Opera Comique on a day of performance by command.

Their Imperial Majesties arrived at eight o'clock; the arrests began at nine. Before the play was over Pietri's police had incarcerated no less than fifty-seven workmen belonging to the above-mentioned factories.

The hired plotter Lagrange is now Commissary of Police and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Platot, who allowed himself to be arrested and condemned under the name of Martin, is now Central Commissary at Orleans. And now let anyone say that the police is not useful in France, and that the fourteen millions of the secret fund are not well spent!

CHAPTER XIX.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

While the Imperial Court was at Fontainebleau a grand stag-hunt took place, the meet being in the midst of the forest at the Puits du Roi. At the hour fixed by the head of the Government more than a hundred riders appeared, armed and equipped *à la* Louis XVI. More than five hundred horsemen, who had not been invited to the Imperial hunt, but were allowed to assist at it (not in official dress), also arrived on the spot in order to take part in an amusement which disciples of St. Hubert alone can appreciate.

When the general guard and the first huntsman (Marshal Mynan) had started the stag, their Imperial Majesties, the guests, and all the riders went forward at a triple gallop through an avenue following the hounds.

A blond young man, a graceful rider, who managed his thoroughbred horse with consummate

skill, was noticed by all the hunters, whom he soon left behind, riding rapidly into the very midst of the guests, trying to reach His Imperial Majesty Napoleon.

I followed him, and, in order to avoid a scandal, contented myself with keeping very near him, but coming across a diagonal avenue he sprang into it at full speed, trying to arrive before His Majesty on a plain which was already in sight. Not knowing this bold stranger's intentions I followed him, and joining him amidst cries from the spectators of: "He will catch up with him"—"He won't catch up with him," with one hand I seized his horse's reins, and with the other held a pistol before his face, saying —

"Where are you going, monsieur? Who are you?"

"I do not see why I should inform you," replied the stranger.

He tried to shake me off, threatening me with his whip, but I put a pistol to his head, saying —

"If you do not stop your horse at once I will blow your brains out."

He nearly fell from the saddle.

Fould and Nieuwerkerke, who were behind us, seeing the pistol, cried out —

"Don't kill him!"

At the approach of the two dignitaries my young

man recovered his Muscovite arrogance, and exclaimed that I no doubt wanted to murder him in order to plunder him.

Then Monsieur Fould said to the stranger —

"Compose yourself, monsieur; no one will be murdered here, but monsieur is charged to guard His Imperial Majesty, and we have all noticed that you are trying to get to the Emperor. You have been prevented because no one knows you, and you cannot have been officially invited since you are not in full-dress."

"I received no invitation because my Ambassador, with whom I dined yesterday, has not yet been able to present me at Court since the Court is at Fontainebleau. I am Prince Menschikoff!".

At this name Napoleon's dignitaries bowed, and Fould told me that he would be responsible for the young Russian.

"I am sorry, Prince," said I, "for what has occurred, but my orders are to let no one approach His Majesty unless I know him. Being a slave to my orders—as Monsieur Fould will tell you—I cannot, in spite of your name, allow you to approach His Majesty unless the Emperor sends for you."

At this juncture General Fleury appeared on the scene, having been sent by the Emperor. Fould told him of the adventure in a few words. I heard him say to the General —

"That devil of a Corsican doesn't know anything but his orders! Now he wants to get us into another war with the Czar!"

That evening, when they were hunting by torch-light, I saw the young Russian talking familiarly with the Emperor and Count Bacciochi.

After it was over Fould summoned me to his study and said—

"Monsieur Griscelli, the Menschikoff affair to-day has explained the Dieppe incident. You were right and I was wrong.

"I thank your Excellency," said I, going out.

Next day the Muscovite Prince knocked at my door and thanked me for my conduct of the day before, as it had procured him a most pleasant evening and an invitation for the whole hunting season. He became the lion of the rejoicings at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, and on his return to Paris he gave me his pistols and hunting knife.

CHAPTER XX.

PALMERSTON.

Shortly before the declaration of the war in the Crimea the Queen of England's Prime Minister came himself to Paris, in order personally to settle the basis of the expedition with His Imperial Majesty. Whilst he was entering the Palace with the English Ambassador (Lord Cowley), the Emperor was passing through the gate of the Royal Bridge, on his way to St. Cloud. As Queen Victoria's representatives could not be received at the Tuileries, they followed to St. Cloud, which His Imperial Majesty reached some time before they did.

Napoleon, Walewsky, and de Lourmel had already entered the Castle, and were preparing to walk in the park, when our attention was attracted to the gate, through which a carriage was trying to pass, in spite of the sentry. By order of the Emperor I went up, and recognizing Lord Cowley, told him politely

that no one was allowed to enter the park while His Majesty was there.

"Oblige me by telling him that I am here with Lord Palmerston," said the Ambassador.

On hearing Lord Palmerston's name His Imperial Majesty said to me, laughingly —

"You must be our Chamberlain. Ask them to come in."

It was the first time I had seen Albion's Nestor. I offered him my hand, which he took while getting out of the carriage, and I conducted them both to the door of the salon, where Walewsky received them to present them to the Sovereign of France. At four o'clock we all left the Castle of St. Cloud and returned to the Tuileries.

Some years later, when a discussion arose as to the mode of government of the Danubian Principalities, and His Imperial Majesty went with Walewsky to the Isle of Wight, Napoleon was lodged in a separate pavilion, facing the Queen's Palace. To the satisfaction of the chief of the London police, I had myself stationed two Scotch sentinels with orders to let no one pass without a permit from me.

Two hours after the interview between Queen Victoria and Napoleon, Messrs Walewsky, de Persigny, Lord Paget, and Lord Palmerston pre-

sented themselves at the door, asking to see the Emperor. The Highlanders crossed bayonets, and cried —

"You can't enter without a pass!"

"But we are Ministers, and must see his Imperial Majesty."

"I must obey orders."

I came up, and at a word from me the gentlemen were allowed to enter. When they came out again Palmerston asked me to follow him. When he reached his study he thanked me for having procured him the pleasure of seeing Napoleon twice.

In 1861, when I published my "Revelations," I was in London, in the house of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

George Bowyer, a Member of Parliament, having spoken to Lord Palmerston about me, the latter requested him to bring me to his reception on Thursday evening.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain was greatly surprised to see in his drawing-room the secret agent of Saint-Cloud and the Isle of Wight. He asked me to stay until the reception was over, as he wished to talk with me. A number of noblemen and members of the House of Commons, seeing me with the head of the Catholic party, congratulated me on the courage and energy which I had shown in my

pamphlet, which had given rise to much discussion in the House, the question having been brought forward by Lord Normanby.

At midnight George Bowyer and I were ushered into the great English statesman's study. Ten or twelve persons were present. I was seated between Lord Palmerston and my Mentor.

The head of the Foreign Office turned to me and said —

"So you have come to England to convert us all to Papacy? Your pamphlet has occasioned most extraordinary polemics! But a great many people who have just come from Italy say that you have exaggerated the facts."

"My lord," said I, "I have only come to London because it is the capital of the one country where one can write the truth without trembling. I am not trying to convert, I only seek to make things clear. And, my lord, what proves to me that I have hit the nail on the head is the fact that the Turin Cabinet, with all its salaried organs, has as yet commissioned no one to defend it. And I know that those same organs were forbidden to mention the subject."

One of those present, whose name I did not know, exclaimed —

"But I was in Italy in 1846, and have just come

back from there. I consider the change advantageous."

At this English argument, forgetting that I was surrounded by great men, I asked —

"In what province of Italy were you?"

George Bowyer took hold of my arm, for I had begun to gesticulate.

"At Parma," said my adversary.

Then, notwithstanding the presence of His Grace, I answered —

"Either you were blind in 1846, or you are so now. Let our hearers decide the point." And, without pausing, I said almost angrily —"Before the usurpation of the Sardinian King, the Duchy of Parma was governed by the Duchess de Bourbon. Being Regent, she had Ambassadors, Consuls, a Chamber of Deputies, a State's Council, and Ministers. All the strangers who passed through Parma stayed there for at least a while. Although I am not here to lecture on political economy, I do not exaggerate when I say that all these people spent at least one hundred thousand francs a week. Well, gentlemen, do you know what is spent now? Exactly one franc fifty centimes per day! Because those who made the money circulate so freely have been sent away, and are replaced by the porter who opens and shuts the door of the ducal palace. This,

gentlemen, is only one side of the picture. Here is the other: In 1859 there was not a single exile, and the prisons were almost empty; in 1861 the prisons are full to overflowing, and ostracism is the order of the day. And the peasant who formerly paid five francs in taxes now pays fifty!"

Lord Palmerston, who had not lost a word of my picture, said —

"I believe all you say, but our newspapers and our agents at Turin and Rome have told us nothing like it."

"Your newspapers," said I, "have sold themselves to the revolution, and your Minister at Turin only sends you information procured by the Piedmontese Ministers."

At these words, spoken in rather a loud tone, the Prime Minister rose. George Bowyer and I took our leave out of regard for the friend of Pius IX. Palmerston accompanied us as far as the door. Then, with truly Corsican boldness, I asked —

"Will your Grace permit me to ask one question before I go?"

"What is it?" said Palmerston.

"How long will Victor Emmanuel be King of Italy?"

"As long as his money lasts."

These were the last words which I was destined to hear from the lips of the man whose death was a

great misfortune. I do not know what he really thought of the opinions which I had expressed with so much energy and so little education.*

* The theories exposed by the author are not very well grounded, but it may be remarked that they are exactly those which the Catholic party were trying to spread amongst the ignorant populations of Italy. This is explained by the fact that Baron de Rimini was at that time in the service of the Catholic party.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS HOWARD.

On a certain foggy evening, such as there are in London, a man was walking up and down in the Haymarket. He was a little over five feet in height, with very short legs, long body, livid face, small eyes, moustaches, coat buttoned all the way up, and carrying a loaded cane in his hand. Had it not been for his hat the passers-by might have taken him for a policeman. All at once a door opened and gave passage to an elegantly dressed lady whose wide crinoline nearly upset our hero. Holding on to a pillar of the Theatre Royal, he exclaimed —

"What, Madame! alone so late? and in such bad weather!"

And without waiting for an invitation he followed the lady. They passed Leicester Square, Prince's Street, and Charlotte Street, until they came to Number 277, Oxford Street, where the English-

woman stopped, rang very loudly, and entered a richly-furnished drawing-room.

The man had followed her into the apartment.

Then Miss Howard, taking him for a good-natured policeman, took out her purse and offered him two shillings.

"Madame! money! to me!"

"And who are you?"

"I am Prince Louis Napoleon."

Next day the conspirator of Strasburg and Boulogne, the escaped prisoner from Fort Ham, recalled himself to the minds of his partisans by sending them English gold with which to conspire against the Government which had twice let him off with his life. From that day forth the misery which weighed on Admiral Verhuel's son was dispelled by Miss Howard's bank notes. That evening the gambler at Tam-Tall noticed that the lucky cheat at lansquenet was missing at the green table.

Shortly after the Revolution of February, Prince Napoleon, taking a name which did not belong to him, introduced himself to the provisional Government and asked to serve the Republic. One word from Lamartine sufficed to send the audacious man back to the other side of the Channel.

A few electors sent him to the Assembly as a representative of the people; then the French, by seven millions of votes, made him President of the

Republic. When the moment arrived for him to yield his power to another, he strangled the Republic during the night of the 22nd of December, imprisoned all that France held that was great, gagged the rest, and made himself Dictator, without control. Then, beneath the pressure of the sword, the electors made him Emperor.

During his presidency he made Miss Howard come to Paris, and rented a mansion for her in the Rue de Ciry, Number 14.

Miss Howard, who had given Napoleon eight millions at the time of his election, looked upon herself and was looked upon as the future Empress. But Albion's daughter counted without the man, who "when he speaks, lies; when he is silent, conspires."

One fine day Napoleon sent Miss Howard to Havre, accompanied by his accomplice Mocquard, promising to come and fetch her the next Sunday. On Saturday the traitor married de Montijo's daughter.

While taking breakfast on the morning of the day on which she was to receive the visit of the man who owed her everything, Miss Howard read about the marriage ceremony in the *Journal Official.* She hastily left the Hotel Frascati, had a locomotive brought out for her, and arrived at her house in Paris, where the strangest sight met her gaze.

Furniture, cushions, paper, notes, letters, contracts—the first was all broken up, the second were ripped to pieces, and the remainder stolen! Monsieur Pietri, warned by a telegram from Mocquard, went to Number 14, Rue Ciry. With his own ears he heard—and several others heard as well as he—the outraged Englishwoman call Napoleon a murderer, swindler, and thief.

Next morning when she awoke, Miss Howard was saluted by Messieurs Fould and Fleury by the title of Countess de Beauregard. At the same time they handed her the title-deeds of an estate bearing the same name which stands on the Versailles road.

Some months later the new Countess left France and established herself at Florence, where she had a splendid palace built on the banks of the Arno. She married a rascal who made her pay dearly for her youthful *souvenirs*.

In 1865 she wished to see Paris once more. Every day, at the hour which Napoleon and the Empress were leaving the Tuileries, Miss Howard appeared, arrayed in a splendid toilette, in a turn-out, which surpassed any other in the capital. She drove herself, and with consummate skill. Miss Howard amused herself by keeping pace with and passing the Imperial carriage.

Several days after a performance at the Italiens, during which the Englishwoman, covered with

diamonds, and sitting in a box just opposite, had passed her time examining through her opera-glass the woman who had stolen her *Poléon* from her, Miss Howard suddenly disappeared. This extraordinary occurrence was not caused by the police, and I will not repeat the incredible tales which were circulated on the subject. I am inclined to believe that Miss Howard was strangled. Several circumstances have caused me to give credence to this version of the affair. I hope that some day the veil which shrouds this mystery will be torn aside, and feel certain that the discovery will then be made that it was the doing of ——.*

The following is Countess de Beauregard's correspondence :—

"I acknowledge, by these presents, having received from H.M. the Emperor Napoleon the sum of one million francs in full payment and complete discharge of all my rights and interests in the domain of Civetachoray on the frontier of Ancona (Papal States).

"E. H. DE BEAUREGARD.

"Paris, 25th March, 1853."

"MONSIEUR MOCQUARD,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt, up to the 1st January, 1854, of the sum of 50,000

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Baron de Rimini's story conforms exactly to the reports discovered amongst the Tuileries papers.

francs, which I have charged you to collect every month.

"E. H. DE BEAUREGARD.

"Paris, 31st January, 1854.

"NOTE.—The payments of 50,000 francs began on the 1st June, 1853. The first three were made by M. Gilles."

"*Note of the sums paid by the Emperor to Miss Howard from the 24th March, 1853, to the 1st January, 1855.*

"1st January, 1855, payment of 50,000 fr.

"Therefore the month of November is not included.

"I promised three millions, plus the costs of settling for de Beauregard, which I formerly valued at 500,000 at most. I have given :

1,000,000 on the 24th March, 1853, as in the receipt.

1,500,000 on the 31st January, 1854.

1,415,000 in State bonds.

585,000 in payments of 50,000 a month, dating from the 1st of January, 1855.

950,000 in payment of 50,000, dating from the 1st of January, 1853, to the 1st of January, 1855.

———

5,449,000"

"Château de Beauregard, July 28th, 1855.

"My Dear Friend,

"The 24th July has now arrived, and I see with pain that the engagements entered into with me have not been carried out (when I doubted, I wondered, but now I can no longer believe); indeed, I have thought, and think now, that there must be some mistake; why make me suffer?

"If matters must be thus, I would have done better to keep the *six* millions instead of the 3,500,000 francs which were to be paid to me on demand at the end of the year 1853, and that is why I begged the Emperor to tear up the first cheque (*two million five hundred thousand francs*). My heart bleeds at my being forced to write this, and if my marriage contract were not drawn up in its present form, and I had not a child, I would not take this step, which has become a duty. The Emperor has too kind a heart to allow a woman whom he has loved so tenderly to remain in a false position in which he himself would not care to be placed; you know my position, you are my guardian, and I address myself to you in a twofold capacity. I made a mistake the other day in writing to His Majesty, for he says in one of his letters, dated May 1st, 'To-morrow I will give Gilles a cheque for the three million five hundred thousand francs.' So he has nothing to do but to calculate 50,000

since the 1st June, 1853, the interest and 50,000 from January to October. I pray to God that it may no more be a question of money between me and him, who have quite another feeling for him in my heart. I embrace you tenderly, the same as I love you.

"Your affectionate

"E. H. DE BEAUREGARD.

"I implore you not to keep this letter; you can read it to His Majesty if you think proper, and burn it immediately after. I saw Mdme. Mocquard on Monday at four o'clock; she was ill the other day."

CHAPTER XXII.

DUCHESS CASTIGLIONI.

Shortly after the Imperial marriage the newspapers announced with great ceremony the arrival of an Italian lady of extraordinary beauty. Her admirers hastened to write their names in the visiting-book of the incomparable Castiglioni. For a word from her they ruined themselves; for a touch of her hand they cut each other's throats. The concert and theatre managers sent her boxes; the Ministers and high dignitaries offered their salons; the Court sent a permission to sit in the presence of Royalty. The new Ninon, who had refused everything else, accepted the Tuileries invitation for an official ball. On her entrance the dancers stopped, the music ceased playing, all the spectators remained rooted with admiration at the appearance of this divinity. The ladies hid their faces as the Italian advanced; the Empress alone, the hostess, came forward to greet the Countess, gave her her hand, and led her to a seat near the

throne. By order, Strauss's orchestra began a waltz. Napoleon, who had done nothing but admire the Castiglioni, approached the throne, requested His Highness Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg to dance with the Empress, and gallantly offered the Duchess his hand. They took a few turns only, then His Imperial Majesty and his partner promenaded together, talking rather familiarly during the remainder of the dance.

The day after, whilst we were returning from the Bois de Boulogne, General Fleury ordered me to join him in the waiting-room at eight o'clock in the evening. While he was talking to me the blood rushed so violently into my eyes that I was forced to put my hand over them. In obedience to the aide-de-camp's orders I was at the salon at eight o'clock. Seeing me arrive before the time named, the Emperor asked me what I wanted.

"To speak to you, sire;" and following him into his study, I said, "Sire, the aide-de-camp on duty ordered me to be here at eight o'clock, but I came at seven, because I am anxious to know where we are going."

"And why?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because, sire, while General Fleury was telling me to be here at eight I felt my blood circulate more quickly, as if something tragic were going to take place."

"We are going to the Hôtel Beauveau, and you may feel assured that nothing tragic will happen."

"God grant it, sire!"

While we were talking Fleury arrived, and we started.

When we were on the Castiglioni's steps I went close to the General and whispered —

"Attention! General, we are in the house of an Italian."

The door was opened by a maid-servant, who, not seeing me, ushered the Emperor and the General into the salon, and returned to the landing where I had remained.

She clapped her hands three times; a man instantly appeared, coming I know not whence, and went towards the drawing-room. But before he had reached the door he was dead. A downward dagger-stroke had pierced his heart.

At the sound of his fall and the shrieks of the maid-servant the General came out from the salon, seized the girl, closed her mouth, and shut her up in the broom closet, whilst I dragged the corpse to another closet. Then the aide-de-camp imprisoned the beauty in her own room and hastily left with the Emperor, signing to me to wait. A few instants later he came back accompanied by the agent Zambo, with two carriages. Into one of these we put the dead

man and the servant, leaving them to the care of the agent, who took them I know not where.

When I entered the Emperor's study, whither I at once repaired on leaving the Beauveau mansion, I found Napoleon sitting, leaning his elbow on the table, his head resting on his hand. When he saw me he raised his eyes, then said with a pained expression —

"More blood! Who knows, perhaps the unfortunate creature was the servant's lover."

"Servants' lovers do not carry recommendations like these about with them," said I, laying before him a four-barrelled revolver and stiletto with poisoned point.

He examined them attentively, particularly the blade of the dagger, gave me three thousand francs, and told me to keep the matter secret.

Duchess Castiglioni was conducted to the Italian frontier. She went immediately to Milan, to Count Arese, told him all, and threatened to publish the Emperor if they did not allow her to return to Paris.

A fortnight later the newspapers of the capital contained an account of a *fête* which the beautiful Castiglioni had given in the Beauveau mansion, a *fête* at which all France assisted.

In 1865, at Florence, the day of Dante's birthday, whilst I was walking in the Place des Messieurs,

near the old palace, a two-horse open carriage passed so near me that I was forced to step aside. The occupants—two ladies—signed to the coachman to stop, and insisted upon my getting in. They took me to No. 40, Via Maggia, to their palace, a gift from the King of Italy, where I dined.

These ladies were the beautiful Castiglioni and her servant of the Hôtel Beauveau.

Editor's Note.—In March, 1868, the Duchess was still living in Florence. At that time she was seriously ill.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUNTESS DE GARDONNE.

Parisians, and those in the Seine-et-Oise department, no doubt still remember the famous camp of Satory, the manœuvres which took place there, and especially the distribution of Bologna sausage and champagne which the President of the Republic had given to the army to make them shout "Long live the Emperor!" They will also remember the punishments inflicted by General Changarnier on the soldiers who did not cry "Long live the Republic!"

During one of the last reviews held by Louis Napoleon at Satory, prior to the Crimean War, a gentleman of about forty, and a young and pretty lady in a phaeton drawn by two superb horses, persisted, in spite of the agents' orders, in trying to follow the staff, whereas all the other carriages had stopped just outside the camp. As the head of the State wished to have a cavalry charge before the

march-past, the acting aide-de-camp, General Roquet, ordered me to have the field cleared, to avoid all accidents. I went up to the gentleman in the phaeton to ask him to obey the authorities' orders. He replied that I could mind my business. In answer, I had him arrested by two policemen and conveyed to the Versailles police-station. After the review, the Court having left by train for St. Cloud, I wended my way towards the quarter with Captain Rozan (now a Colonel at Toulouse), to free the individual whom the police had carried there.

When Rozan and I went into the courtyard we were somewhat surprised to learn that the gentleman had refused to get out of his carriage, whilst the lady had visited the rooms, the kitchens, etc. Going up to the phaeton, I told the prisoner that he was free to go where he pleased. He began to cry out against tyranny; I interrupted him saying —

"If you add another word I shall make you get out of the carriage, have you handcuffed, and taken to Paris."

"I will say no more, only allow me to give you my card," and he handed me, in exchange for mine, his card, on which I read, "Monsieur Feischeter, Editor and Proprietor of the Official Journal *Abeille Du Nord*, State Councillor and Member of the Imperial Council of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia," etc., etc. His titles and official

position near the Czar astonished me in a man who cried out against tyranny.

After dining with the Colonel I went by train to Paris, and the Rue des Moulins. Whilst I was taking my key from the porter a young girl of eighteen seized me by the arm, and leading me to a carriage which stood at the door, begged me so pressingly to go to her mistress, Countess de Gardonne, who was waiting impatiently for me, that I could not do otherwise than get into the carriage, which started off at a gallop and conveyed me to Number 80, Rue de la Pepiniere. Before we got there, pretty Ernestine, to whom I paid some court during the drive, acquainted me with many things which I was to hear during the course of the evening.

The moment I got out of the carriage, a footman, holding a torch, met me and conducted me to a richly-furnished drawing-room, where the lady of Versailles shook hands with me, begged my pardon for having had me carried off by a young girl, and led me to a boudoir, in which silk, gold velvet, and damask were harmoniously blended. There, making me sit down very close to her, she called her Ernestine, embraced her for having brought me, and told her to bring in champagne and biscuits. When it was served Madame de Gardonne said, with an expression which I shall never forget —

"Grant me a favour, Monsieur, and count on my eternal gratitude."

"I grant it beforehand, if possible."

"Well, then, do not fight Monsieur Feischeter, and I will do anything you ask me, anything, for my life and my husband's depend on this duel."

"I will do anything for you," I cried, kneeling before her; "but I cannot disgrace myself. If this duel ruins your future I will let Feischeter kill me."

"No! the duel must not take place, because, if it does, people will say that Monsieur Feischeter fought, not with a servant of the Emperor, but with Madame de Gardonne's lover. Ah! my position is very critical! I was married at twenty, my husband stayed only two days with me, then went to St. Petersburg, where he is employed at Court. He told me to receive all distinguished Russians who asked to see me. Besides, I am under the protection of old Kisseleff, who is seventy-one, and who, for twenty thousand francs a year, makes me receive his secret correspondence, which is all addressed to me, and which I take to him. As to Councillor Feischeter, I met him this morning at the Embassy, and he begged me to accompany him to Versailles to see the museum, which we were to visit during the afternoon. You know what really happened."

Of all this feminine talk only one sentence had struck me, "I receive the secret correspondence of the Russian Embassy!"

A sudden thought had just occurred to me, a bright thought, which I immediately found in words.

"Countess," said I, "I have discovered the only way to prevent the duel, and which will at the same time double both our salaries. Russia gives you twenty thousand francs for taking in a few letters which are of no importance. Now, as I am a secret agent, I see all the private correspondence of the Prefects. I place it at your disposal; in exchange, you will give me the Russian Ambassador's."

Before I could finish the Countess cried —

"You have saved me!"

She ordered more biscuits and champagne.

The next morning at seven o'clock I awoke Pietri to tell him that I would bring him the Russian correspondence during the day. He rose, looked hard at me, and said —

"I know that you can do a great many things, but I do not believe that you will ever be able to bring me that Russian correspondence."

While we were talking about the Countess the footman handed in a letter from the Czar's Ambassador, requesting the Prefect of Police to fix an hour at which he could see him about an important matter. He replied that he would be at the

Embassy at half-past eight. Knowing all the particulars, the Prefect of Police preferred taking me to Kisseleff to making the old man come to the Prefecture. At the announcement of his arrival the Ambassador and his entire staff came out to receive us.

Monsieur Feischeter was there, and at the Ambassador's request he told the Prefect all the disagreeable things which had happened to him the day before at Satory. I answered, instead of Monsieur Pietri, addressing Feischeter —

"What would you do if I went to the shores of the Neva in a carriage whilst His Imperial Majesty the Czar was reviewing, and when the acting aide-de-camp ordered you to clear the ground because His Imperial Majesty had commanded a cavalry charge?"

"I should do as you did, Monsieur," and he held out his hand.

"Then you will not fight?" asked Pietri and Kisseleff.

"Yes, we will, indeed," I answered; "if the Councillor of State agrees, we will fight this evening, at six o'clock, at Douir's, Palais Royal."

"Accept! accept!" cried the others.

I left the Prefect at the Embassy and directed my steps at once towards the Rue de la Pepiniere. The Countess was awaiting me impatiently, first to

know the result of the duel, which preoccupied her the most, then to give me Kisseleff's letter. I told her all that had happened at the Embassy, not forgetting the dinner.

"I shall be there," said she; "he will invite me. Here is the letter, hurry and get it read, open it cautiously, and bring it back to me at once that I may send it to its destination."

I hastened to the Tuileries, where I expected to find the Prefect. He was with the Emperor, to whom he had reported all the incidents which had taken place at the Prefecture. When I was announced, Pietri came out, took the letter, and returned to His Imperial Majesty. Monsieur Tibery, head clerk of the Post Office, accomplished in unsealing and resealing letters, was at once summoned. When the operation had been performed, Napoleon made me go into his study, gave me the letter, ordering me to lose no opportunity of cultivating the precious acquaintance of Kisseleff's *protégée*. An hour later I had returned to Countess de Gardonne with the letter which she had entrusted to me. It had been so cleverly handled that she did not believe it to have been opened at all.

After the dinner at Douir's we all went to the Opera. In his satisfaction, Monsieur Pietri had placed at our disposal a box facing the Imperial one. During the entire performance their Imperial

Majesties did not cease looking through their opera-glasses at our box. The Countess, Feischeter, and Ponschkine, the Attaché, returned their gaze. Monsieurs Gaffori and Domerque, Secretaries of the Prefect of Police, and I looked at no one.

Monsieur Pietri wrote several sham letters to the Prefects of France, which arrived addressed to me. I hastened to carry them to the Countess. She transmitted them to Kisseleff, who, after having read them, increased her salary and cautioned her to neglect no means of cultivating my valuable acquaintance.

This manœuvring lasted two months, and was a source of infinite pleasure to the Countess and myself. Count de Nesselrode, Chancellor of Russia, believed so firmly in the false *information* which he received concerning the state of France that he himself wrote to the Countess, sending her a necklace worth twelve thousand francs. He also charged her to cultivate the friendship of the Tuileries *employé !* Ah ! if he had guessed that the man who had had the talent to wring the truth from St. Petersburg in exchange for lies from Paris was only a former Corsican shepherd ! But it occasioned much unpleasantness between His Excellency Monsieur Drouyn de l'Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Monsieur de Castaljar, Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

Thanks to the Countess's letters, His Imperial Majesty Napoleon always knew what was passing at St. Petersburg several days before his Minister. He learned also that Menschikoff had been sent to Constantinople, the passage of the Pruth, etc., and he always knew beforehand all that Kisseleff had to tell him. Monsieur Drouyn de l'Lhuys complained of these indiscreet anticipations on the part of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He reproached him for knowing nothing, or having a double correspondence. The Ambassador replied sharply, and reproached the Minister for having sent someone to Russia to spy on him. After having exchanged many letters they both sent in their resignation. His Imperial Majesty accepted the Ambassador's and refused the Minister's.

On the declaration of war between the two Courts Kisseleff went away, taking with him all the Attachés and Madame de Gardonne. I accompanied her to the Gare du Nord. What tears! what regrets at leaving Paris!

"I shall never see you again," were her last words, and she threw her arms around my neck. She spoke truly, for one month later the terrible frosts of Russia had deprived me of a friend.

In 1863, when Prince Czartoryski sent me on a mission to Warsaw, I could not resist the desire to visit her tomb at St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COUNTESS OF ST. MARSAUD.

After the opera, when I was going home, General l'Espinasse, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, called me and gave me orders to inform the Prefect of Police that he and his colleague at Versailles were to take precautionary measures for the next day, as the Court wished to shoot over the Sarcley ponds. The following day, at five o'clock in the morning, two post-carriages conveyed His Imperial Majesty, His Excellency Saint-Arnaud, de Persigny, l'Espinasse, Lord Cowley, E. Ney, and Fleury to the house of the Keeper of Woods and Forests. At eight o'clock they wished to begin shooting, but not a gendarme, not a police agent, appeared on the horizon. Persigny stamped with impatience, and blamed me because the public forces did not arrive. I answered His Excellency that I had transmitted the orders given me last night, but I drew his attention to the

fact that the *employés* of Paris and Versailles, being obliged to come either by rail or on foot, could not yet have arrived. I added that if the Garde General would give me a boat with two good rowers the hunt might begin at once.

Ten minutes later the first reports attracted the whole population of the surrounding country, together with the men entrusted to keep order. The mounted gendarmes and agents appeared on the spot, and placed themselves as I ordered. At times I was obliged to near the bank when it became necessary for me to speak to the gendarmes and police commissaries on His Imperial Majesty's service. The Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise, who appeared at this juncture, accompanied by his wife and daughter, both remarkably beautiful, taking me for a boatman, ordered me to take him in my boat to the Emperor. I answered that I could admit no one with me, and that he might not approach the Emperor unless summoned. The functionary's rage was unbounded. He insulted me, threatening me with his fists, and declaring that I should be arrested and driven from the ponds.

But his rage increased when he saw that I paid no attention to him, and continued tranquilly by the bank, controlling the service.

At midday the sportsmen united to partake of a light collation at the house of the Keeper of Woods

and Forests. Two hours afterwards they embarked again, and the shooting began once more.

The Prefect de Saint-Marsaud presented his respects to Napoleon and was invited to sit down at the Imperial table. I was standing at the door of the dining-room when Monsieur Sequin came up, and, by order of the Emperor, told me to get someone to take my place and to join the party at luncheon.

I felt considerably elated when I saw myself seated opposite the Prefect's wife and daughter.

When the shooting began again I was behind His Imperial Majesty when Monsieur de Saint-Marsaud asked me as politely as he had previously been coarse to take him in my boat with his wife and daughter.

"Monsieur le Préfet," I answered, "I regret it very much, but it is quite impossible without an order from His Imperial Majesty, and to prove that I bear you no ill-will, I will ask him for you."

The Emperor, who had heard what we said, turned to me and said —

"If it does not interfere with the service, take them in."

At four o'clock everyone drove away except the General and myself. Our places were occupied by the Prefectess and her daughter, whom the Emperor placed by his side.

The next day I was obliged (by order) to fetch them at Versailles and conduct them to Villeneuve-l'Estang, where Napoleon and Tascher de la Pagerie were awaiting them, whilst the Prefect was summoned to the Minister of the Interior. When the ladies alighted at the gate of the Imperial dwelling His Imperial Majesty offered his arm to the mother; the daughter took that of the officer of the palace. They all went into the castle, but the young lady soon came out again, telling me to take her to the farm to get some new milk. Two hours afterwards I conducted the ladies back to Versailles, and went to Paris. Four days afterwards I went to fetch mademoiselle alone. When she *confided* her to me her good mother assured me that she bitterly regretted not being able to accompany her daughter but . . . . she felt indisposed, and hoped that His Imperial Majesty, who was so kind, would excuse her. . . .

That evening the *Moniteur* announced that Monsieur de Saint-Marsaud had been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and Madame de Saint-Marsaud a lady-in-waiting to the Princess Mathilde. Mademoiselle de Saint-Marsaud has since married Monsieur Carruel de Saint-Martin, who was created a Count by His Imperial Majesty when the contract was signed.

CHAPTER XXV.

SINIBALDI.

One day, whilst I was in the office of the Prefect of Police, General Fleury, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, entered distractedly.

"His Majesty is waiting for you," said he to the Magistrate as he appeared.

"The deuce!" replied Pietri; "I have just begun a report, and I want to finish it." Then recollecting himself, "Take Griscelli with you, General. If it is anything which concerns him His Imperial Majesty will entrust it to him. If my presence is indispensable he can come and fetch me in your carriage."

Monsieur Fleury and I started for the castle. General Fleury, although he lost twenty-five thousand francs at roulette at Baden-Baden, and gambled away three hundred thousand francs which the Emperor had given him to buy horses with, nevertheless remained Napoleon's confidant. On reaching the waiting-room the General entered the

Emperor's study and signed to me to follow him. His Imperial Majesty showed me a telegram which he had received from London, informing him that an Italian, Sinibaldi, had arrived in Paris with criminal intentions. The telegram added that Sinibaldi would stop under the name of Peters at the Hôtel Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix.

I took the telegram from His Imperial Majesty's hands, assuring him that I would see to it.

"Are you armed?" asked the Emperor.

"Yes, sire."

"Here are a thousand francs. Go quickly and be prudent, and give Pietri an account of the result."

When I left the Imperial room I went down the Rue St. Honorè without any fixed plan. Passing by a wine merchant's a sudden idea struck me, and I immediately put it into execution. I asked the owner of the establishment for two bottles, which I had filled, one with cognac and the other with wine; then I went straight to the hotel where the suspected man was stopping. In reply to my inquiry the porter said that Monsieur Peters, from London, was in No. 6. I went upstairs, opened the door of No. 6, and found myself in the presence of a man of from thirty to thirty-five years. He was writing; near him, on a table, lay his pistols and a dagger. I went towards him, saying that I was permitted by the hotel proprietor to offer samples of my wares to new comers. To these advances he replied—

"I am an Englishman, and want nothing. Leave me alone!"

And, rising, he tried to reach his weapons. I stopped him by putting my stiletto against his breast, saying —

"You lie! You are Sinibaldi, Italian, not English! Make no resistance or you are a dead man."

"I am not an Italian, I am English, and I shall send a protest to my Ambassador."

"So much the better for you if you are English!" replied I. "You must come with me to the police office."

I kicked the door. A waiter appeared. I ordered him to lock the door of the room and put the key in my pocket; then I went downstairs with Sinibaldi, always holding him by the collar with one hand, my stiletto in the other. I took him in this manner to the Prefect of Police, who was still in the office where I had left him. I gave him the London telegram and told him the rest, putting Sinibaldi into his hands. The police-officer Lagrange, to whom I gave the key, ran to the Italian's room and brought back to the Prefect of Police, besides the arms, papers which proved that Sinibaldi had come from London with the intention of assassinating the Emperor.

He was at once taken to Mazas, and the next morning he was found hanged (read *poisoned*).

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORELLI, OR THE MAN FROM CALAIS.

At midnight, when I was sleeping quietly, my porter, Monsieur Bosquet, of No. 22, Rue des Moulins, brought me a paper which an orderly of the Minister of the Interior had given him, and which directed me to go immediately to the office. I rose hastily and went to No. 101, Rue Grenelle St. Germain. The usher on duty, Henri, conducted me to Billant's room. He was in bed, and Pietri was with him, seated in an armchair.

When he saw me the Minister ordered me to start at once for Calais. He gave me a thousand francs, and told me to present myself at the Prefecture, where I would find the Prefect of the department, who had orders to give me. On arriving at the Gare du Nord, a locomotive and one carriage only started by order of the Government. At seven o'clock, as I was stepping into the Calais station, a gentleman (Victor Duhamel, Prefect) took me by the arm and made me

enter the buffet. There, while we took coffee, he told me that a man, whose name was unknown, would alight at nine o'clock and start for Paris with the intention of assassinating the Emperor. "I have His Excellency's orders to show him to you," said Monsieur Duhamel.

"And I to watch him," I answered the Prefect of Pas-de-Calais. At the hour named a barque appeared in the port. Armed with the description given me by Monsieur Victor Duhamel, I became the shadow of one of the two passengers who had disembarked, and who, as soon as he had landed, went precipitately to the station, but the Paris train had left.

At twelve o'clock he left Calais, at four we arrived together at the Gare du Nord and took rooms in the Rue Montmartre, like travellers whom chance has thrown together in a cab or a railway carriage. He had told me that he was an Italian, coming to visit the capital. I told him that I was from Marseilles, and traveller for a firm who dealt in Bordeaux wine.

For two days, from two till four o'clock, we walked together. As he always wanted to prowl around the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, as far as the Arc de Triomphe, I abstained from preventing his taking that favourite walk. The Court were starting for Biarritz, I knew it. One evening while we were dining at the hotel I expressed my

regret at being obliged to leave him, as I must return to Bordeaux. He looked at me and said —

"Good! I shall go to Bayonne."

The next day we were walking in the *Quinconse.*

Morning and evening (as in Paris) I was absent from the hotel, ostensibly on business. But in reality I was reporting to the then Prefect, Monsieur Haussmann.

The eve of their Majesties' passage, at ten o'clock at night, I took a walk with my friend on the shores of the Gironde. The Prefect of Bordeaux passed, and informed me that their Imperial Majesties were nearly there, and that it was time to ——

The next day a man with a dagger in the back of his neck was taken out of the river and carried to the Morgue just as the Imperial party were crossing the town on their way to Biarritz. A few days after that Monsieur Haussmann was made Prefect of the Seine (he is still that). He has also been made Senator and decorated with the Grand Cross. Monsieur Duhamel became a States' Councillor, Deputy, and so forth, as a reward for his services in this unfortunate affair.

As for me, I lost my dagger, which remained at Bordeaux in the hands of justice as a proof of the murder of Silvani, of Perrugia!

CHAPTER XXVII.

PIANORI.

This wretched Pianori, who was a shoemaker by profession, arrived in Paris and lodged in the Rue de la Galande. Being unable to speak French, and finding no work, he fell into the most abject misery. In the same house lived one of those scoundrels whom I branded in Chapter XXI. under the name of hired plotters. He resolved to make Pianori his victim, feeling sure that this same victim would make his fortune. The spy began by pitying Pianori, gave him money, paid for his food, and particularly his drink, and, when he was drunk, incited him against Napoleon.

The *employé* from the Prefecture gained such an ascendancy over the Italian, that the latter, thinking he had found a beneficent angel, would have thrown himself into the Seine rather than disobey the benefactor who fed and lodged him without making him work. The day of the criminal attempt,

Pianori, drunk with absinthe, was taken by the agent to the Champs Elysées; a revolver was placed in his hands, and he fired three times at Napoleon.

He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. The day of his execution, at six o'clock in the morning, just at the moment when Pianori's head was falling into the basket, the *Moniteur* announced to its readers that Hebert had been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour as a reward for his exceptional services.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ORSINI.

This chapter, which I shall devote to the hero of bombshells, will not be long. Everyone has heard of the trial. It is said that Orsini used to be the Grand Master of a Masonic Lodge in Italy. In my eyes he was only a petty conspirator, a miserable assassin, a man without any decency of character. He came to Paris to assassinate Napoleon. Instead of that, however, he contented himself with buying a horse and riding with the head of the State every day. He had some bombs made, and sent for two unfortunate countrymen of his to throw them amongst the crowd.

The night of the crime he was satisfied to look on as an amateur. As soon as his murderers had sown death and desolation around the Imperial carriages, Orsini returned home, and went to bed quietly like a grocer of the Marais.

Arrested in bed, he turned informer, and betrayed all the men concerned in the plot.

This is the hero whose partisans published his memoirs, and for whom subscriptions were raised, as well as for his sister, who poses as a martyr to liberty.

A number of police agents were decorated, many victims perished. The Prefect of Police and the Minister of the Interior sent in their resignation. The Orsini affair brought the laws for public safety into existence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRINCE CAMMERATA.

After the formation of the Council of State of the new Empire a Meeting Extraordinary was held at the Tuileries, under the presidency of His Imperial Majesty, for the purpose of providing the laws for the general safety. A young member of the Council, of Italian origin, a Prince of the Blood, and kinsman of the head of the Government, rose and made an eloquent improvised speech against the law, which he said was draconian. His concise style, skilfully conceived, and delivered with fire, created a great sensation. Although he had spoken against them all, the young Prince was applauded by Napoleon and the entire assembly.

From that day forth Prince Cammerata was the lion of all the official, ministerial, and civil entertainments. His lofty mind, his knowledge, his polished manners, his kinship with the potentate,

his position and rank won admiration for him; but that which had won all hearts everywhere he went was his modesty.

Amongst men, *savants* sought his society; amongst women, the Empress Eugenie was remarked for the preference she gave him at all the Tuileries assemblies. It was at one of these *fêtes* that the unfortunate Prince, having on his arm the woman who knew so well how to monopolize him under pretext of speaking Italian, was unfortunate enough to say to his sovereign, "I love you!" a speech which would no doubt have been deemed innocent if it had been uttered in secret, but which was imprudent because heard by the maids-of-honour. It was a public boldness! Montijo's daughter hastened to her Emperor-spouse, like a wounded hyæna, to demand vengeance. Prince Cammerata was given up on the spot to the agent Zambo, who conducted the Councillor of State to his apartment and blew his brains out from behind with a pistol.

Monsieur Pietri and I, informed of what had happened, hastened to the Prince, but when we arrived he was dead.

The Prefect of Police threw himself down by the body of his friend and wept like a child. In a few moments he rose again. I had not shed a single tear. We closed the door and went to the Tuileries,

where they were still dancing. Going into the porter's room we heard that Zambo had been there and left again a few minutes earlier.

Monsieur Pietri and I returned to the Prefecture, whilst the Prince's murderers continued to dance at the Tuileries. That morning, when I arose, I had a feeling of dazzlement. An hour later, with no other thought than how to revenge my benefactor's friend, I presented myself at Monsieur Pietri's, and asked him for a passport to London. He looked me full in the face, then said —

"Go, I understand. Do not let your revenge cool."

"Count on me. If I meet him I —"

He embraced me, and gave me a thousand francs. Fifty hours afterwards I had returned; Zambo, stabbed and unrecognizable, was lying under Waterloo Bridge.

The London police, in spite of their cleverness, were never able to identify the body (a bottle of corrosive fluid had burnt his face), nor to discover the perpetrator of the crime.

About a fortnight after the Tuileries ball I had accompanied their Imperial Majesties to St. Cloud, and was walking in the courtyard, when Napoleon called to me from a window, and ordered me to go to the salon. When I came into his presence

His Imperial Majesty asked me, before the Empress —

"Do you know London?"

"Yes, sire."

"When were you there?"

"When your Imperial Majesty sent me there with a letter to Monsieur de Persigny."

"But you have been there since then?" He looked me in the face as he spoke.

"Yes, sire," I replied, looking at him with equal intensity, "the day Monsieur Pietri gave me a passport."

"*Sempre la Vandetta!*" said Napoleon.

"*Sono Corso,*" I replied.

After the departure of Pietri, my benefactor, as I could not get along with his successor (Boitelle), I left for the Island of Corsica, where the villagers received me with marks of great joy. I had left them a shepherd, in their eyes I was now a great man! What is more, I had gone away with twenty-five francs in my pocket, and now returned with a hundred and thirty thousand. Two days after that I bought all the property belonging to Vitali, Justice of the Peace, and paid him forty thousand francs down!

Two months later, Count Cavour, Minister to the

King of Sardinia, on the advice of Monsieur Pietri, summoned me to Turin, where he attached me to his person as a political agent.

Although I have not related half as much as I would like to have done, I hasten to end this first part and begin the second, which embraces the whole Italian question from 1859 to 1866.

MEMOIRS OF THE BARON DE RIMINI.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAVOUR.

As I have had the honour of saying in the first part of these memoirs, the unfortunate Orsini affair which brought mourning into many families was fatal both to my benefactor, Monsieur Pietri, and myself. We left Paris, the Court and the Emperor, whom we loved sincerely, and to whom we were equally devoted. The new Prefect of Police, Boitelle, who had his creatures to find places for, did not wait for the resignation of several of his predecessor's *protegés*; he dismissed them all immediately on his entrance into office.

When he put himself at the head of the army which was to deliver the Italians from the yoke of Austria, Napoleon III. again placed his former Prefect of Police near his person. Monsieur Pietri,

who was devoted to the Bonapartes to the point of self-sacrifice, accepted the new position which was offered him, although it was almost humiliating. The position he occupied near the Sovereign in Italy might have been filled by any commissary of police. I followed him to Turin, where we waited to see the French flag appear, when we were to begin service again.

As soon as the Turinese heard that the confidant of the Emperor of the French was in their city, all the statesmen (Cavour at the head) whom the capital of Piedmont contained hastened to congratulate Monsieur Pietri.

In consequence of a conversation between Count Cavour and Monsieur Pietri, it was decided that, as I could not serve the Emperor without Boitelle's consent, I was to enter Count Cavour's service, with the same privileges, emoluments, and so forth that I had had in Paris.

On my arrival in Turin I took lodgings at an hotel in the Rue Neuve. Next day at nine o'clock I proceeded to the Foreign Office, armed with a letter from Monsieur Pietri.

More than twenty visitors were awaiting their turn to be interviewed by the extraordinary man who at that time had the eyes of all Europe turned upon him.

Some had come to give an account of their mis-

sion, others were solicitors; others, again, desired private information concerning the vast conspiracy designed to arouse a people which had been dulled, brutalized, enslaved, and tyrannized over since 1815. Twice already that people had made a vain attempt to shake off the yoke of the House of Hapsburg; twice they had paid for their love of liberty in fines and vexation of spirit.

When I gave my name to the footman, although each new-comer had been seated without regard to the time of his arrival or distinction of rank or title, he invited me to enter the secretaries' room.

"I have His Excellency's orders to admit you. He has asked about you several times since yesterday."

I expected to be ushered into some huge drawing-room study, like those of the potential Ministers of France, where gold, silk, and mirrors reign supreme. What was my surprise to find myself in a small room!

A table, four chairs, and a heap of portfolios were the only furniture of Cavour's *attachés*. Minghetti, Artour, and Nigra were writing at the same desk.

They offered me the only vacant chair.

I had hardly seated myself before a man between forty and forty-five years of age, short in stature and moderately stout, wearing spectacles and a small fringe of chestnut-grey beard, appeared at a door,

and, calling me by name, signed to me to approach.

When I found myself face to face for the first time with the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Congress which had the courage to lay down the law for the future kingdom of Italy, I remembered the conversation which I had had, also for the first time, with the Emperor on the terrace of the Opera House.

My feelings had changed radically since that time, for I experienced no emotion whatever, so frequent had been my interviews with the potentates of the day.

He examined me from head to foot, then said —

" Your countryman, Monsieur Pietri, has assured me that no one could second me better than you in my work during the crisis which is now imminent. You know men and matters. You are devoted and energetic, and not afraid of desperate measures. This is the information which I have concerning you. You speak Italian ; you are the man I need. Come to see me this evening at nine o'clock."*

Exactly at the hour named I entered the study of the man for whom the Italians—who had burnt him in effigy a few years before—professed an immense reverence.

* Contrary to the custom of all other Ministers, who leave their offices at four o'clock, the Turinese Ministers return to theirs at nine o'clock every evening.

A word, an order from Cavour in Italy in 1859, 1860, 1861 was executed, cost what it might, as if it had been a command from Divine Providence.

We sat down opposite each other. After a moment of silence he began —

"You must leave for Modena in a few days, passing through Parma, and going as far as Bologna. You will see Veggezo at Parma, Cantelli at Modena, Carbonieri and Zini at Bologna. You must also visit Marquis Pepoli. These gentlemen, whom I have made heads of committees in their provinces, will hear what you have to say; you will receive their information. It is necessary that the Italians rise in mass at the first signal to back the army and chase their tyrants out of Italy with fire and sword. Monsieur Pietri gave you five hundred francs a month and gratuities. I shall do the same. You will address your correspondence, always in French, to my house in the Rue d'Alfieri. I wish all Italy to be one vast conspiracy. Tell the Directors of Committees that if I consent to admit into our band any great names, the rank of officer or chief of a squadron must be given to the old military men."

This was the substance of the first interview which I had with the President of the King's Council, who was soon to take the title of "First Soldier of the Independence!"

At midnight we left the office together, well satis-

fied with each other. He said he was pleased with my knowledge, and I was delighted with the advantageous position which he had promised me. On leaving me in the Rue Neuve, the Minister told me to be at his study the next morning at nine o'clock to receive his first orders and the first quarter's salary, which he was to pay beforehand. And as this is the first time I have spoken of pay, I will say, once for all, that the men belonging to the Imperial Government never gave me an order without asking, "Are you armed?" whereas Cavour, when he gave me any command, always inquired, "Do you need money?"

Two days sufficed for me to find out the men whom I was to watch, and talk to them. I sent in a report of them which was so clear and full, giving such a just idea of the character and political views of these three statesmen, that Count Cavour expressed his entire satisfaction.

"It is impossible," said he, "to describe them better. Rattazzi, always hunting a Ministry; Brofferio, an honest Republican, who refuses all office that he may have the right to bawl in the Chamber; Lolar de la Marguerite, unable to become anything of consequence, and demanding that everyone shall go to mass, keep the feast-days, and submit to the Pope. To-morrow," added he, "you will accompany

me to Genoa. His Royal Highness Prince de Carignan and I are going to meet the Emperor."

"Yes, your Excellency," said I; "but I warn you that I do not wish to take part in any official rejoicing at which the Imperial Court will be present."

"Ah! I understand. Come to Genoa all the same; there you can do as you like."

On the approach of the French army Victor Emmanuel had appointed his cousin Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and had gone to the camp with General de Lamarmora, Minister for War. It was in his place that His Highness Prince de Carignan went to the Port of Genoa to welcome the Emperor of the French, who had adopted the modest title of General-in-Chief of the Franco-Italian armies.

The disembarkment took place amidst a display of enthusiasm difficult to describe. The Staff and the entire army marched past on a carpet of flowers. The soldiers were laden with flowers and oranges; the officers had wreaths. The municipal authorities and the gardeners of the marble city were already preluding to the victories of Magenta and Solferino.

After spending twenty-four hours in rejoicings at Genoa, the French staff went to Alexandria, whither the Italian Minister sent a secret agent who was to

report to him every gesture and action of the General-in-Chief, his surroundings, and the persons who came to visit him. This watch lasted during the entire campaign. I will add, to show the morality of the affair, that the Italian agent obtained all the information he wanted from Monsieur Hirvoy, Napoleon III.'s commissary, an ex-bankrupt hat manufacturer, in return for a few small gifts and some disorderly pleasure parties.

CHAPTER XXXI.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Those who took even a slight interest only in the affairs of the day will still remember the reception at the Tuileries on the 1st of January, 1859, when Napoleon III. said to His Excellency Monsieur Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador —

"I profess, my dear Hubner, the greatest esteem for your young and chivalric Emperor; but your tyrannical Government is a disgrace to the century!"

These Imperial words, uttered in the presence of the representatives of every European nation, resounded at Vienna like a thunderclap. On leaving the official audience, the diplomatists hurried to report to their respective chiefs the incident of the first day of the year, and the quasi declaration of war between France and Austria. War might be expected in the spring.

The King of Piedmont, who was totally unable to

take an interest in anything but women, champagne, and hunting, said at the reception held by him on the same day, and in the presence of the two Chambers, that the year 1859 would be fertile in changes for Italy, that the Italians, seconded by a powerful ally, were to prepare for combat, suffering, and sacrifices to the Independence, the liberty of their country, and the unity of the Italian kingdom.

The evening of these warlike harangues on the part of the two crowned heads I started for Parma. Cantelli, chief promoter of the uprising, was waiting for me at the station to take me to his house. This chief, although a grand seigneur and apparently full of eagerness for the unity of his native land, only inspired me with mediocre confidence on account of his antecedents.

He had been Mayor in 1848; dismissed from office and condemned to death at the return of the Bourbons, he accepted his would-be executioners' pardon in 1850, and once more allied himself to them.

Being an old hand in all the artifices of Cabinet, Count Cantelli, noticing my reserve, spoke to me frankly about it. I replied as frankly that he was right.

We parted two days later the best friends in the world, and I must own that since then he has served his cause as Deputy, Minister, and Prefect

with unshaken zeal and devotion against the Duchesse de Bourbon, who once saved his life, and paid 80,000 francs deficit which the Mayor of 1848 had left behind him in the municipal funds at Parma.

At Modena I was received by Carbonieri and Zini, an ex-professor at Genoa. They had returned to their native land for the purpose of conspiring against Francis IV., Duke of Modena, who had pardoned them both a few years previously. From Modena I proceeded to Bologna. Pepoli, a kinsman of Napoleon through Murat, invited me to stay at his house. This young Marquis thought that his relationship with the reigning families of Paris and Berlin ought to have made him a Grand-Duke, at the very least. But his secretary, more wise than Murat's grandson, explained to him that nowadays a Grand-Duke must be able, in case of necessity, to conduct his own correspondence, his official speeches, etc., himself. Yielding to these considerations, Marquis Pepoli contented himself with being a simple Deputy, and, on occasion, special commissioner in the provinces, as at Padua.

The revolutionary committees of Parma, Modena, and particularly Bologna, were being regularly and rapidly organized. I received an order from Count Cavour, to whom I reported every day, to go to Tuscany, where Ricasoli and Boncompagni were

directing the uprising. These two men, who received me very cordially, surprised me. Baron Ricasoli was a descendant of some of the first Florentine nobles, decorated with the order of Marie-Thérèse of Austria, an intimate friend of the reigning Duke, an Austrian during his entire political life, except for two days in 1848, when he became a Republican with Mordini, Guerazzi, and Montenelli de Ciprioni, whom he betrayed by bringing back Leopold across the frontier, whom his new friends and the people of Florence had expulsed.

Monsieur Boncompagni surprised me still more. He was the representative of the Sardinian Government.

He had been asked for by the Court of Tuscany as an acquaintance, a friend, and an Ambassador. He had sworn fidelity and sincerity. He had, like his colleague Ricasoli, betrayed and trampled on all.

The Austrian Government, informed by their agents of all our secret proceedings—the organization of revolutionary committees, the engagement of volunteers throughout the Peninsula, under the orders of Garibaldi, who, forgetful of Charles Albert's injustices, had hastened to place his sword at the disposal of Victor Emmanuel, and the regular arming of the Sardinian army—ordered General Giulay to send two of his Staff-Officers to Turin

with a declaration of war during the next twenty-four hours unless the volunteers and the Piedmontese army were disbanded.

On the arrival of the two envoys the King summoned his Council, and on the advice of his Ministers replied that he could not accept any of the proposals from Vienna.

During the deliberation I received an order from the Count to prepare a manifestation for Giulay's aides-de-camp. Hardly had they left the Castle before a crowd of gamins began to greet them with cries of: "Hurrah for Italy! Hurrah for Independence! Down with Austria! Down with our executioners! Down with the tyrants!" Before they had reached the station the gamins had attracted more than twenty thousand persons.

On my return from the station I was warmly complimented by the Minister, who shut himself up in his study to compose the following telegram:—

"SIRE,

"The two Austrian envoys have just been accompanied to the railway station by the population of Turin to cries of 'Hurrah for Italy! Hurrah for Independence! Down with Austria! Down with our executioners! Down with the tyrants!'

"(Signed) CAVOUR."

Two hours afterwards he sent for me to read the

answer : " Prince Napoleon and I embark to-morrow evening at Marseilles. Marshals Canrobert and Niel will arrive by way of Luga. General MacMahon will rejoin me with 40,000 Africans at Genoa, where Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers will disembark to-day."

When I had finished it the Count asked —

" What do you think of this telegram ? "

" Your Excellency," said I, " it is the execution of the second article signed at Plombieres by the two parties ! Next comes the third, since the first was carried out long ago."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RICASOLI WAR AND CONSPIRACY.

Some days later His Highness Prince de Carignan, Count de Cavour, General de Lamarmora, Rattazzi, and I left for Genoa to welcome the powerful allies. His Imperial Majesty, Prince Napoleon, Marshal Vaillant, and a crowd of Generals, Colonels, and Orderly Officers disembarked to the sound of bells, the firing of cannon, and the frenzied cries of an entire population who had thronged to the harbour to salute France, who was sacrificing her money and her blood that she might free a nation which, under the First Empire, had shared in her glories and triumphs, and, from 1815 to 1850, her reverses and humiliations as well.

I hope I am mistaken, but I believe that some day, led by the men who govern her, this kingdom of twenty-four millions of inhabitants, which we founded, will turn against us and requite us with ingratitude.

Pride prevented my assisting officially at any reception, *fête*, or ball given at Genoa in honour of the French army. To avoid finding myself face to face with those whom I had served, and with whom I had even been too intimately connected, I contented myself by following in a private capacity the principal actors of the great military drama which began at Montebello to the sound of the cannon, and ended at Villafranca with a pen stroke.

Mingling with the crowd, I saw, as I had already seen, that the King of Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel, had only the title, and that the promoter and executor of public opinion was really the man whom the Emperor of the French summoned to Plombieres, and whom he never ceased to consult from the moment of his entry into Genoa until the battle of Solferino.

When Napoleon established his headquarters at Alexandria and the Minister returned to Turin, I received the order to leave for Florence with a certain number of carabineers, dressed as civilians, to make an arrangement with Ricasoli and Boncompagni, who were pressing the Cabinet of Turin to act, because, as they said, the people were tired of waiting, now that they felt themselves backed up by the French.

In a deliberation which I held with the heads of the sections at the quarters of the directors of the

plot, we decided unanimously that my eighty Piedmontese should scatter the next morning through the principal squares of the city, and try to arouse the passers-by.

When the Florentines were ripe for revolt they were to assemble before the Pitti Palace and cry: "Down with Leopold! Down with the Duke! Long life to Italy! Long life to Independence!"

This converging movement was executed like a military manœuvre, and when the crowd had gathered in the Place du Chateau, Ricasoli, who had himself opened the doors to him in 1848, mounted the staircase rapidly, presented himself to the reigning Duke, and, in the name of the people who demanded his abdication, requested him to leave at once.

Instead of putting himself at the head of his army—15,000 men—and charging the vile mob, the Duke asked his executioners for an escort beyond the frontier of his States. An hour later the Sardinian flag was floating on every building in the city of the Medicis.

All the banks were pillaged. My agents, who had come from the Alps in sabots, so to speak, were walking about the Casino like lords two days afterwards.

Those who felt that they would never be anything installed themselves, on their own authority, at the

post and telegraph offices, the Ministers' offices, the Prefecture, the Mayors' offices, etc. Fortunately the heroes of the barricades in Rome, Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, etc., came, by Cavour's order, to replace those who had thought fit to remain in Florence under the administration of Ricasoli, who had made himself Governor General of Tuscany, and Boncompagni, who had created himself the King of Piedmont's Commissioner.

The Provisionary Government was as follows :—

Monsieur Boncompagni, President of the Council and King's Commissioner.

Monsieur le Baron Ricasoli, Minister of the Interior.

Monsieur Fabrizzi, Chief Justice.

Monsieur Corsi, President of the Board of Trade.

Monsieur Silvagnoli, Director of Public Instruction.

Monsieur Peruzzi, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Monsieur Bianchi, Chief Secretary to the Council.

As there was neither army nor navy, there was neither Minister for War nor Lord of the Admiralty.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the city of Florence was as quiet, as indifferent, as on the day before. The Corsican shepherd, who had received six thousand francs for his twenty-four hours' job, said to himself —

" Who could ever believe that Boncompagni, the

Grand Duke's esteemed Minister, who went bowing up the staircase of the Pitti Palace, would reign there as master after having ousted the Sovereign by treachery! Who, too, could believe that Baron Ricasoli, who went in 1849 to fetch back the Grand Duke after he had been driven from Tuscany by the revolution, and who received the Cross of Marie-Thérèse for this deed, was the same man who, now a traitor, has just driven the Grand Duke away!"

The revolution in Tuscany ended, I received orders from Count Cavour to go with my agents to Parma.

The committee of Parma, composed of Santelli, St. Vitali, Melussi, David, and Torregiani, came to meet me as soon as they heard that I was approaching the town. At a *café* at St. Hilare we made our plans for barricading the whole town. Mattei, the Chief of Police, and General Trotti, who commanded ten thousand men, with whom he might have fired grape-shot into us, had sold themselves to the Turin Government and made no attempt to prevent anything.

The Grand Duchess Marie de Bourbon, awaking one fine morning, found herself surrounded by revolutionists, had her carriage brought out, and wended her way to Mantua, to place herself under the protection of the Austrian cannons.

Count Cantelli, the Mayor of Parma in 1848, condemned to death for having raised an insurrection,

and for having appropriated eighty thousand francs of the municipal funds, had been pardoned by the Grand Duchess. As an acknowledgment of so much generosity, Cantelli again became a conspirator, in 1859, to try and dethrone his benefactress.

In the Duchy of Modena things went on as at Florence and Parma. Messieurs Carbonieri, Zini, Mayer, and Chiesi were the leaders who received me and whom I had to obey.

The Duke of Modena, instead of marching against the insurgents, crossed the Po, and went over to the Austrian bayonets.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

Whilst I was on my way to the Duchy of Parma with my staff to make arrangements with Count Cantelli, and to Modena to fulfil the mission I have just spoken of, Victor Emmanuel was appointing his cousin, the Prince of Savoy, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and placing himself and his army, which was encamped at Saint-Moritz, under the orders of the Emperor of the French, who had modestly assumed the title of Generalissimo of the Franco-Italian armies. I may add that this double title did not prevent the mighty ally from being watched by Cavour's agents as long as he stayed in Italy. In return for several more or less permissible favours, Hyrvoi, Inspector of the Imperial Camp, although paid from the French budget, never failed to report to my agents anything that took place in the tent of the French commander.

While the army was working to the front, whip-

ping the Austrians at Castigio and Montebello, and preparing the way for the victories of Magenta and Solferino, the police and the committees organized by Cavour were dethroning the kinglets of Central Italy. The French army was making giant strides towards Northern Italy.

At Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino brilliant victories crowned the flags of the two nations. The peace of Villefranca came to cool the enthusiasm of the army, and leave unfinished Napoleon's programme: "*Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic.*"

On hearing this news Count Cavour sent me with Massimo d'Azeglio into Romagna, then he tendered his resignation and retired to Geneva. Rattazzi replaced him, while I directed my steps, accompanied by the King's representative, to Bologna, which city had at the instigation of Pepoli's committees driven out the clerical authorities, lowered the arms of the Pope's soldiers, and put Italian ones in their place.

I accompanied this Commissioner, who re-entered the city on a carpet of flowers. Flags with Savoyard devices united with velvet and silk, draped by the Romagnols, to show their joy. The entire city was in a state of excitement difficult to describe. Shouts, songs, music, could be heard in the streets, where the Bolognese might now walk freely without fear of the Austrian police, who had been tyrannizing

over them since 1815. When night arrived a mob of people, most of them revolutionists who had been freed during the day, rushed through the streets crying, "*I lumi!*" (lights!)

The windows lighted up as if by enchantment, and if perchance any good citizen disobeyed the Piedmontese revellers, he was then and there taken to prison, and often his house was pillaged.

Encouraged by the almost universal obedience they met with throughout the city, the Bologna *sans culottes* proceeded to the Bishop's Palace. His Eminence, Monsignor Viale, a countryman of mine, was then a Cardinal, and occupied the Archiepiscopal Palace. Being the author of the concordat, he was openly hated by the revolutionists, who, to punish him for his clerico-Bourbonic principles, screamed "*I lumi!*" in chorus at his door.

Seeing that His Eminence did not obey, they climbed the railings of the courtyard, and advanced towards the staircase, as if to enter the house.

I was with Monsignor. Being a countryman of his, I had been to pay my respects to him, and had remained to dinner. But—and herein lies the spy's real talent—I had also sneaked into the enemy's camp.

I went to the head of the stairs with a pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other, and addressed them:

"So this is the use you make of your liberty the first day it is given you? You wish to force one

of God's ministers to rejoice in your saturnalia! Is that what you call liberty? I am a Frenchman, and I tell you now that the Emperor shall know to-morrow how you have behaved to-day, and the fine use you make of your freedom, to restore to you which he broke your chains. And I warn you, besides, that the first man who mounts these steps will have his head broken, and the second will be stabbed."

At these words a great many of them began to beat a retreat; but, as in all affairs of this kind, the leaders cried out that it was a disgrace to the city of Bologna for them to draw back before one Frenchman, and to allow one palace only to be without lights when all the rest were illuminated. At this they all turned back, by common accord, and began to ascend. But at the report of my pistol even the boldest retreated with such quickness and disorder, so frightened were they, that over a hundred Bolognese were left on the ground. Then every servant the Cardinal had rushed downstairs, some with sticks, others with shovels and tongs, the Suiss with his lance. In an instant all those who had been eager to pillage the Archbishop's Palace were flying in every direction through the city. His Eminence, who stood laughing at one of the windows, called his footmen and said —

"Ah! if your compatriots of Romagna had done what you have done this evening, they would still be Christians devoted to the Holy Church, whereas now they are possessed of Satan. For, remember, my children, that it is the honest man's cowardice which inspires courage in rogues!"

The next morning d'Azeglio and all his associates laughed at the affair, which occasioned the most irritating articles in the European Press. The revolutionary journals attacked the Cardinal violently for having turned a deaf ear to the popular demand, saying that he hated progress and light. They called him a Sanfedist, a codino, a retrograde, etc.

The others defended the Prince of the Church warmly, openly attacked the revolutionary leaders, who wanted to force others to follow in their footsteps, and said that had it not been for the courage of a French officer the Archiepiscopal Palace would have been pillaged, and His Grace murdered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FARINI.

I RECEIVED an order from Rattazzi to go for the time to Modena, and there place myself at the disposal of Farini, the Dictator, ex-Medical Director of Roman Prisons. He was a man of iron, a creature who faltered at no deed which might prove to Europe that the Duke of Aosta, Francis IV., had governed his subjects like a tyrant, and that the people of Modena had driven him away in order to put themselves in the hands of Victor Emmanuel.

One day, while I was in his study, he was informed that Colonel Auviti, an ex-aide-de-camp to the Duc de Bourbon, had been arrested and taken to prison. He burst into a terrible rage, ordering Curletti, Agent of Police, to go at once and have the unfortunate Colonel given up to the populace.

That day Auviti was dragged to the public square, with a rope around his neck, and decapitated. His head was placed on a pyramid, in the presence of

sixty thousand people and a garrison of five thousand soldiers. And to show its pleasure at this atrocious deed, the evening paper announced to its readers that Davidi, who had cut off the head and placed it on the pyramid, had been made Director of Prisons.

The then Director of Prisons was made Postmaster General in the room of a ducal partisan; and Curletti, who had given the order for the Colonel's execution, was created Chevalier of Saint Maurice.

His Majesty Napoleon, on hearing of this revolting iniquity, ordered his Consul, Monsieur Paltrimeri, to demand either satisfaction or his passport.

Finding that his powerful ally was so enraged, Doctor Farini mounted a horse, galloped through the streets of Parma at the head of the army, and arrested one hundred and twenty-seven people whom he accused of being guilty of Auviti's murder. But the hundred and twenty-seven guilty men entered the prison by one door at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the new Director (Davidi) let them out by another at midnight. Not one was examined. Not one was condemned. The French Government expressed itself satisfied.

What I have just related may give some idea of Farini's character. I will now reveal how he filled the posts of Administrator and Piedmontese Pro-Consul.

When he took possession of the Duchy of Modena, instead of occupying the Ducal Palace he installed himself at the Hotel Saint Marc, where he welcomed without distinction all the men who had a certain influence over the people, and invited them to his table. In ten days his bill amounted to seven thousand francs. The landlord, Monsieur Ferrari, exchanged his bill for a colonelcy on the Staff! The reader must not think this a fabrication—the nomination of a man who put off his kitchen apron to don gold epaulettes! Mezzacapo, the General's father, went to sleep one night with his coachman's whip by his bedside, and woke up next morning a Lieutenant-Colonel, aide-de-camp to his son, General Mezzacapo, commander at Bologna. And Baron Ricasoli paid a carriage bill of six thousand francs with a commission as private secretary, in the person of Celestino Bianchi.

These two bills, so strangely paid by two incredible nominations, have been published by the Italian papers and never denied. Finding his accommodation at the hotel insufficient, the new Dictator established himself in the apartments of the Duke of Modena, Prince of Aosta, Francis IV., and the doctor's wife occupied the Duchess's bed.

That night and the next day were passed in emptying the closets, drawers, sideboards, etc., that they might appropriate, in the name of Farini,

all that was found marked for Francis, the letters standing for both names. Nothing was changed except the silver marked with a crown. That was melted !

All the Duchess's wardrobe was appropriated and worn by Madame Farini and her daughter.

That of the Grand Duke was handed over to Baron Riciardi, son-in-law and secretary to the Dictator.

The cellar, which contained samples of all the wines and liqueurs of Europe, was emptied by his guests during the elections.

The stables, pheasantries, and preserves were sacked and pillaged by the Piedmontese, who flocked in swarms, filling all the situations, replacing old servants, who were sent away after fifteen and twenty years of service without wages, without a place to go to, often without a shelter for the night.

Two days after that Farini made up the Cabinet. Those who had accompanied him from Turin and eaten at his expense at Colonel Ferrari's hotel got the best places : Mayr at the Home Office ; Chuisi at the Supreme Court ; Frappoli at the War Office ; Barromes at the Exchequer ; Visconti-Venosta ; Recordi, Head of the Cabinet. Mayr and Venosta were ex-servants of Mazzini ; Frappoli was Garibaldi's friend.

In consequence of the reports which he received

from the Venetian patriots and his own agents the Dictator was very uneasy, as all the information tended to prove that an armed attack would be made by the ex-Duke, who desired to expel the Piedmontese from his Duchy. Now, Farini had at his disposal only a few carabineers belonging to the police. The Dictator profited by the occasion to discover what I could do, and asked me to go to Sanguinetto, where the Duke of Modena was reviewing the army which he had so untimely employed at Solferino, instead of using it to regain his Duchy. My mission was to discover what there was to fear.

That same evening I crossed the Po, but instead of going directly to Sanguinetto, where the Duke was, I wended my way to Verona, where were all his partisans who had preferred exile to staying at Modena under the Government of Victor Emmanuel. Committing myself to the good genius of police agents, I entered a *café* in the Place Bras, where all the enemies of the revolution were wont to gather. I sat down at a table occupied by five individuals already deep in the politics of the day, and who debated in French, although they were all Italians. One of them, an old man, with white hair, was pleading for liberty against all; he was eloquent, but he had no more knowledge of the revolution than the little he had picked up at

Turin by reading Cavour's newspapers. He was an emigrant, pardoned by amnesty after the treaty of Villafranca. Seeing that the others either did not answer, or digressed from the subject, listening attentively the while, I gave several signs of impatience. They all looked at me, questioned me, and inquired whether I was French or Italian, and what I thought of their discussion.

"I am a Frenchman," said I. Then, looking at the aged orator, I combated his views with such powerful arguments that they all congratulated me.

"You must be a Legitimist?" said my adversary.

"Yes, monsieur. My father died at Quiberon. I was wounded at the Tuileries in 1830, and I still say, 'Long live the Bourbons!' and the more I travel through Europe, the more I study constitutional Governments, the more do I love the descendant of Saint Louis, Henry V., King of France by the grace of God, and the more do I detest your chattering tribunes, real drinkers of blood, ambitious of other people's money, which they try to steal, instead of earning some by the sweat of their brows. I have very little to say about actual politics. France was free and happy under the Bourbons. To-day she is a miserable slave under the sabre of a bastard of the Bonapartes. Central Italy was quiet, progressing peacefully, rich in soil, arts, and monuments, under the paternal Government of the

Princes of Lorraine, Aosta, and Bourbon; for two months past she has been a prey to the spirit of the devil; Garibaldi, the adventurer, Cialdini, the man of iron, are killing her, prostituting her, dishonouring her! Instead of churches and the Saviour's cross, nothing is to be seen now but barracks and daggers, and the revolutionists of the gallant King, who also, alone, has more than eighty bastards!"

When I had ended my speech, one of the listeners, Count de Molza, Chamberlain to the Duke of Modena, invited me to his house, where there was a reception. There he introduced me to all the exiled areopagus. Forly, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Giacobassi, Minister of the Interior; Dibuoi, Superintendent of Police; and Saccozzi, General-in-Chief of the Modenese army, all shook hands with me, and, by touching upon pretty nearly every subject, I managed so well that old Saccozzi took me for a superior officer, and begged me to accompany him next day to Sanguinetto, where he was to review the troops which the Prince of Aosta wished to see before leaving for Vienna.

Two days later I had the honour of being presented to the Duke, who was at the head of his little army. He thanked me for my visit, invited me to dine, and kept me there two days to assist at the reviews and manœuvres; then he took me to Verona,

where he made me stop at the same hotel as himself (Les trois Couronnes).

Nearly all the officers had accompanied us for the purpose of offering to their Sovereign a banquet, during which I was so eloquent, and unmasked the Italian Revolution so entirely. I was so severe on Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, and particularly on Farini, calling him hangman, thief, usurper, that every man there insisted on shaking hands with Cavour's secret agent, thinking him to be Count de Fausiale, a French officer and red-hot Legitimist.

When I went back to Farini I took with me two officers and the Duke's physician. I had persuaded them that they had only to show themselves in order to produce a reaction against the Piedmontese.

Two days afterwards a Major and two Captains followed the others, certain that their predecessors were already masters of the place.

They were all arrested and sent out of the Duchy.

The evening following the arrests I was summoned to a grand official gathering at the palace. They were all astonished at my performance.

Henceforth nothing was decided without my having taken part in the discussion, and my advice was frequently followed, as in the elections of representatives.

In accordance with the notes which I had given

the Dictator, he issued a circular to all the Syndics concerning the elections, and couched somewhat in this style :—

"The elections for the representatives of the nation must be over on the 1st of next October, and, to avoid disorder, we command the Mayors and heads of Committees to proceed with the greatest energy, and to conform to the following rules :—

"1st. The Mayors and heads of Committees are to go to the priests of the parishes and take by force, if they do not give them up willingly, the registers containing all the electors' names. They will make out a ticket for each name, putting *Yes* or *No* against the name of the Deputy whom they wish to sit in the Chamber.

"2nd. The tickets will be placed in the urn and entrusted to the care of the Royal carabineers.

"3rd. There must be the utmost possible unanimity in the eyes of Europe.

"4th. The counting of votes will be performed by the Justice of the Peace publicly, in the presence of the people."

All the elections and annexations which were made in Italy in 1859-60-61, were carried through as above.

After the election of the representatives, Rattazzi, finding his task somewhat too heavy, yielded his place to Cavour, who summoned me to Turin.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GARIBALDI.

All the great writers of Europe have written about Garibaldi. I shall certainly not attempt the biography of Mazzini's friend after Alexandre Dumas. I am writing my memoirs without any pretence of being literary, and shall narrate only what came under my personal observation.

During Rattazzi's administration the Duchies of Parma and Modena, as well as Romagna, were united by the Dictator Farini under one Government.

These provinces, as well as Tuscany, governed by Ricasoli, were annexed to Piedmont as soon as Cavour resumed his place at the helm of State. The Milanese, which had been conquered by the French sabres, was also given to Piedmont. This microscopic State, to quote the expression of the Austrian General, which had only four millions of inhabitants before the war, then had fifteen millions. All this did not quench the burning ambition of the

Sardinian King's Minister. He procured men, arms, and vessels for Garibaldi, the revolutionist *par excellence*, who disembarked in Sicily.

It was then that he thought of making Garibaldi reappear. During the war of 1859 the Piedmontese journals had proclaimed him victor at Varesa and Como. It may be remarked just here that he entered these towns two days after the departure of the Austrians. When the war was over Garibaldi came to Turin to make arrangements with the Government about the Sicilian expedition. Cavour, whose appetite was insatiable, favoured the Garibaldian projects, encouraged them, and furnished all that was necessary: men, arms, ships, and war material.

Eight hundred men chosen from amongst the bravest of the regular army, well equipped, and two vessels of Rubattino were placed at the General's disposal, together with the two hundred volunteers, who belonged for the most part to the body of Alpine hunters, commanded by Bixio, Turu, and others. Some of them were strangers, Belgians even.

At the news of this expedition France demanded explanations. While he was ordering Admiral Parsano to protect Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, Cavour wrote to Thouvenel that Garibaldi had resigned his appointment of Sardinian General and

Piedmontese Deputy; that he had seized Rubattino's ships in the port of Genoa, and had put out to sea on his own account, sailing for some unknown point.

I cannot say whether Napoleon was really satisfied with these explanations, or only pretended to be, but it is certain that the ships used by Garibaldi were bought by the Piedmontese Government.

The deed of sale was drawn up by Bodini, lawyer, 62, Rue du Pô, and signed by Rubattino, for himself; General Saint-Frond, for the King; Medici, for Garibaldi; Ricciardi, for Farini.

When all was ready on board they weighed anchor. That day the Genoa newspapers (by order of Cavour) announced that a handful of adventurers, led by Garibaldi, had forcibly possessed themselves of Rubattino's ships in the harbour, sailed away, and were steering towards the Levant. Meanwhile Garibaldi was making for Sicily, where he already had emissaries (Crispi, Lafarina, etc.). He stopped at Fort Telamon to complete his store of powder, guns, sabres, etc. By order of Fanti, Minister, the commander of the fort gave him all he wanted. So, on one and the same day, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared to Europe that Garibaldi was an adventurer, whilst the Minister for War furnished him with all the necessary materials with which to seize Sicily.

As soon as the clerico-Bourbonic party of France

heard of the Italian hero's landing in Sicily, fearing lest he should renew his campaign of 1849 in Rome, they crowded to that city under the orders of a French General to protest against the Imperial Government and defend the Papacy, which no one was attacking. Remembering what I had done for Cardinal Viale at the time of my journey with Massimo d'Azeglio to Romagna, Count Cavour sent me to Rome with orders to use all my talent to worm myself into the good graces of the College of Cardinals and find out what the Sanfedists might be plotting against France and Italy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PIUS IX.—ANTONELLI.

The mission confided to me by Count Cavour was arduous, difficult, dangerous even in an ultra-clerical city, where the Sanfedists had their headquarters.

On my arrival in the Eternal City I carried to Cardinal Milesi, formerly Legate at Bologna, the letter which his colleague, Cardinal Viale, had given me in that town, as will be remembered. At sight of his friend's recommendation, Cardinal Milesi, a nephew and former minister of Pius IX., received me with much kindness, assuring me that I was welcome in Rome, and that the Holy Father and the Cardinals had often spoken of the man who had saved the Cardinal-Archbishop from the hands of the revolutionists. He offered to present me to Antonelli, who would be delighted to see me.

I thanked the Sovereign Pontiff's nephew without accepting his offer, and went to visit the tombs of

the Apostles; then I returned home. A young man had followed me throughout my walk.

Next day I went to the Pincio, where a magnificent view of the seven hills of the Eternal City can be obtained, and was again followed by the same young man. He was an agent of Antonelli, to whom Cardinal Milesi had announced my arrival, and who, on learning that I had refused to see him, had grown somewhat defiant, and hastened to put me in the hands of one of his bloodhounds.

But there is a proverb which says: "Two linings don't make a coat." Spy against spy; if one of them finds out the other, that other will be beaten. That I might better deceive Antonelli's agent, my first visit was to the tomb of the Apostles Peter and Paul; then I went through the churches. I avoided crowds, and if, on occasion, I entered into conversation with anyone whilst walking or visiting the churches, or at the *café*, I at once began to praise the Roman Government, and pitilessly lashed the Piedmontese Consuls.

After a week of this play I received one morning an order to present myself at the Place Montecitorio, where lived the Governor, or Prefect of Police. The functionary who had summoned me was Monsieur Porqualoni, chief of the Pope's police. He received me with friendliness, made me sit down near him, and asked to see my papers.

"Pure formality," said he, "because we know that if you have not come to serve the Holy Father, at any rate you have not come to do him ill."

"Would to Heaven I were only twenty years old!" cried I; "I should not have waited until to-day to adopt the Papal uniform. Your cause is mine, and that of all other honest men, Catholic or otherwise."

Whilst I was speaking there entered without knocking a man of about fifty, very ugly, very fat, and afflicted with two terrible ruptures, which prevented him from walking with ease.

"Monsignor," said the Chief of Police to the new-comer, "I have the honour to present to you Monsieur Griscelli, the man of whom we have sometimes spoken."

Knowing that I was in the presence of a Roman dignitary, I bowed low. Monsieur Matteucci examined me from head to foot, then said —

"You do not appear to be curious. Being a Corsican, you must be a Catholic also. No man comes to Rome without a wish to speak with His Holiness; they offer to conduct you to him, and you refuse!"

"I refused because I have nothing to offer, and nothing to ask. I would be grieved to make the Vicar of Jesus Christ lose a single moment on my account when he might be with those who can give and receive."

"Nevertheless, you must come with me to the Cardinal, who desires to see you."

"If His Excellency requires me I will go at once."

Cardinal Antonelli receives officially at the Vatican, where his apartments are situated beneath those of the Holy Father, but he obligingly sees people at his own house, opposite the Quirinal. It was, therefore, in the latter mansion that I had the honour of being presented to him for the first time by the Prefect of Police. He rose at our approach, looked at me carefully from head to foot, and asked me what had brought me to Rome.

"The wish to see the seat of Catholicity, her Ministers, and His Holiness," I replied.

"And if the Holy Father needed your services would you refuse them?"

"I do not know, your Eminence, what services I could perform for the Holy Father. I am too old to enlist with the Pontifical zouaves."

"It is not a question of making you a soldier. Your experience, your energy, and the place you filled near Napoleon III. have made you an extraordinary agent of the secret police; such, at least, are the reports which we have received from Paris. It is this experience which we should like to make use of against our enemies, who are also yours, as you said at the Governor's. If you will engage yourself —"

"My experience and devotion are yours, your Eminence; dispose of me at all times for the service of the Holy Father."

"For several months a vile newspaper has been published in Rome, in which the editors, with diabolical wit, tear to pieces the Roman Government, the Vicar of Christ, his Ministers, his *employés*, the Holy Church, and so forth. Nothing is held in respect by these sons of Satan. It is this paper which we are trying to seize, and cannot find. We want to ask you to look to it, as we feel certain beforehand that you will succeed."

"I thank your Eminence for your good opinion," said I, "but I am in Rome for the first time, and know no one here. As yet I am only acquainted with the Dome and the Pont St. Ange. What day is this newspaper issued?"

"Every Wednesday we receive one by post, without knowing either where it is printed or whence it comes. The Governor thinks that it is printed in the Transtevere, but not one of our fifteen hundred agents has been able to find it out," replied the Cardinal.

"Before it has appeared twice more your Excellency shall have a copy that has not been posted."

"That is impossible," exclaimed the Prefect of Police. "My agents have explored the Transteveria, house by house, and have found nothing!"

From that day forth I was no longer watched in Rome.

On leaving Antonelli's house I sent a report to Turin of what I had already done in Rome. Count Cavour wrote to me to go to Count Turio, the Sardinian Consul, living at Number 28, Rue des Bourguignonns, where I would find my instructions. At midnight, in accordance with an arrangement which we had made at the Café Lepri, Rue de Condotti, the Consul and I met on the Pincio; he gave me my letters. Count Cavour sent me two thousand francs and an order to sacrifice the bearer of the newspaper, Monsieur Ranzi, who went every Tuesday to Civita-Vecchia, as the paper was printed in Tuscany and arrived every Tuesday by the Imperial packet.

The poor devil was sacrificed in the following manner:—Two days later, that is on a Tuesday, I went to the Cardinal to ask for an energetic agent devoted to the College of Cardinals, and whom I should need for the day. His Excellency gave me an officer of the Pontifical carabineers, Egli, whom I attired as a civilian and took with me to Civita-Vecchia, a seaport town where passengers and letters are landed for the Roman States. As soon as the ship entered the harbour it was boarded by a young man of twenty-five, who had come up in a row-boat, and who was also from Rome.

A moment afterwards he appeared with a package. One of the Pope's custom-house officers was with him. They both landed, without waiting for the sanitary inspection, and went to the railway station.

At mid-day we arrived in Rome, and the officer and I took a cab. I followed the young man as far as Rue Ripetta, Number 75. There he got out, paid, and went upstairs, while I hastened to the Vatican to announce my discovery to His Excellency, who at once summoned the lieutenant on guard and told him to go with the carabineers to the place which I had mentioned. Half-an-hour afterwards the officer returned with two hundred copies of the terrible pamphlet (most of them ready for the post) and laid them at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff's Minister, who could not restrain his joy at the sight. He sent for Messrs. Matteucci and Pasqualini, to show them that their agents were either unfit for office or in the pay of the Roman Committee.

When I returned home that night I found Egli, who had orders to accompany me to the Cardinal's, no matter how late it might be, as he wished to talk with me before retiring.

When His Eminence saw me he told me that the Holy Father thanked me, that he wished to see me, and had sent me two hundred Roman crowns (1,120 fr.). For his part, the Cardinal gave me

a hundred crowns (560 fr.), and asked me how I had managed, in three days, to ferret out what his fifteen hundred agents had not been able to discover in two months.

"Your Eminence was kind enough to tell me that the newspaper came on Wednesday only, so I thought that it must come by the mail. When I saw the paper I was convinced that the revolutionists did not print a sheet like that in Rome."

"We ought to have thought of that; but the agents from the Prefecture persisted in saying that it was printed in the Transtevere."

In a short time I was able to keep my promise. The guilty people were arrested, and expelled from the Papal States.

The intelligent reader will, I hope, understand that having rendered such signal service to the Roman Government, I needed nothing more to win the entire confidence of the Roman Ministers.

In obedience to Cardinal Antonelli's orders, the next day, at exactly twelve o'clock, I presented myself at the Vatican. When I gave my name a clerk conducted me to a salon which served as an ante-chamber to a smaller room, where the Vicar of Christ held his audiences.

A moment later Monsignor Borromeo, grand-nephew to the illustrious Archbishop of Milan, entered, and requested me to follow him.

When I found myself in the presence of Pius IX. I wished to bend and kiss his foot, but he held out his hand to me. Antonelli, de Merode, Stella, Borromeo, Talbot, and Hohenloke were present. At a sign from the major domo I seated myself on a stool placed a few paces from the Pope. After several political questions on the men and affairs of Italy, the Holy Father asked me —

"What do the Piedmontese say of me?"

"The Piedmontese, most Holy Father, do not believe that the hand which blesses them from the throne of truth can be the same which signed the punishment of the Christians of Perrugia."

The Holy Father made a movement, then asked —

"And Antonelli, what do they say of him?"

"They say, most Holy Father, that His Eminence came to Rome very poor and lonely, after 1840, and that to-day he and all his brothers are millionaires in the same city."

The Pope began to laugh, and asked me what they said of de Merode.

"They say, Holy Father, that Monsignor de Merode sacrifices his large fortune to the good of the Church, and that he would give his life for the Sovereign Pontiff, but that he confuses questions instead of explaining them."

"It is well," said Pius IX., rising; "I knew that, but no one had dared to tell me it."

The replies which I had made to the Pope were the subject of conversation for two days throughout the whole city of Rome. The Roman organ of the 16th of March, 1861, said that I had failed in tact.

That evening I dined with Monsignor Matteucci, governor of the city. Several Roman dignitaries were present, amongst others Cardinal Altieri, Superintendent of Public Instruction, who invited me to visit him at Sapienza. When I arrived at the Government College at Sapienza Cardinal Altieri made me the following speech —

"My son, I thank you for all you have done for our Holy Church. You saved the life of a prince of the faith, an old minister of God, Cardinal Viale-Prela, at Bologna. On arriving in the Holy City you rendered a signal service to all of God's servants by arresting that revolutionary propagator of infamous lies, who infected and perverted the whole city, and sowed discord in every household. But as long as evil exists, nothing has been done. While those two Neros, Napoleon and Garibaldi, live there can be neither peace nor happiness for the Catholic religion and for humanity! The first, that arch-hypocrite, is strangling us whilst he declares he is embracing us; he allows us to be plundered. The people of Romagna are revolted, and he boldly pretends that he is supporting and protecting us. Garibaldi has sworn to exterminate us. In 1849

we were obliged to fly to Gaeta, otherwise he would have butchered us. See what he is doing in Sicily. He has declared war against all priests. The brotherhoods and convents are given up to the fanatical partisans of this new Julian the apostate. If these two Satans no longer existed all would again become quiet—peace and happiness would reign in the bosom of families. The Divine power which directed you to the seat of Catholicity, my son, has marked you with its finger as the man who is to save us. Listen, we have here two good Christians who will devote themselves to God's happiness, asking only to strike. But they are ignorant, they have never been outside of Rome; neither of them knows these wretches who are bound for hell! We thought of you, my son, not to expose your precious life, but to direct these men, to guide and lead them."

Cardinal Altieri, minister of the Holy Church, was simply asking me to have the Emperor of the French and the Italian hero murdered. I replied that I was devoted to the most Holy Father body and soul, but before I consented I would like to reflect, and especially to know the men whom the Roman Government wished to entrust to my care.

I had scarcely finished before the two worthies made their appearance.

"Here they are," said Prince Altieri.

These two bandits, whom the College of Cardinals had taken out of prison, were Ortoli, who had spent twelve years in gaol for murder, and Mariani, who had been six years in prison for murder and theft.

After scanning us, Ortoli said, in Italian: "Mi faccia il piacere di farmi vedere questi due birbanti; li ammazzo tutti i diæ per avere il denaro che mi hanno promesso." ("Oblige me by showing me the two brigands; I will murder them both to get the money they have promised me.") He had been promised five hundred thousand francs for Napoleon and one hundred thousand for Garibaldi.

When the Cardinal sent them away he gave them a handful of crowns, an act of generosity which I blamed, saying that the wretches would forget everything now that their purses were full. But they remembered sure enough, for they ran off quickly to amuse themselves with certain damsels, and told everyone who would listen that the College of Cardinals were going to give them all the money they wanted for assassinating two men.

The Roman police, ordinarily so ticklish about nothing, closed their eyes to the scandalous conduct of these two vagabonds. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Eternal City, the French police were watching these two barefaced rascals, and arrested them. General Goyon, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of

Occupation, ordered a trial, which was at once begun by Monsieur Bellot de la Vigne, Chief of the Gendarmery Squadron (now Commander of a Legion at Marseilles). Eight witnesses were called: Messieurs Matricola, merchant; Cesarini, merchant; Vincenzi, doctor; Renzi, photographer; Petti, sergeant-major 20th Light Cavalry: Guartella, sergeant-major 43rd Line; Mattei, sergeant 43rd Line; Bertin, sapper 43rd Line.

All these witnesses, deserving of belief, swore on oath that Ortoli and Mariani had uttered the language for which they had been arrested. The Roman citizens, who several days before had seen the members of the Roman Committee arrested and sent out from their families, awaited impatiently the opening of the trial and the condemnation of Altieri's two agents. But to their great astonishment they learned that everything had been hushed up, and that the prisoners had crossed the Neapolitan frontier, thanks to Cardinal Antonelli's omnipotence.

At Rome I undertook a still more important affair. The Governor Prefect of Police told me one day that the Cardinal-Minister expected me that evening at his private house, behind the Quirinal, at eight o'clock.

I knew already that Antonelli received his trusty Sanfedists only at night at his own house.

When I appeared at the hour fixed for the reception I was ushered into a salon crowded with gems in the way of pictures, statues, medallions of every kind (except those of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary).

His Eminence came forward to greet me, and made me pass into a large room already occupied by fifteen persons. I had noticed some of them at the Café du Cours, at Saint Peter's. Their names were not known to me.

When the Cardinal had taken his seat, he said —

"Gentlemen, this is the agent who discovered the pamphlet, and he will be the man (if he so desires) to discover the famous revolutionary Committee."

They all looked at me, and someone said —

"To have discovered the man who distributed the papers, and to discover the revolutionary Committee in the short time he has been in Rome, he must be one of them!"

He was not mistaken, but my answer was ready. Rising and standing before His Eminence Antonelli, I replied —

"It would be useless for me to ask with whom I now find myself, since we are all devoted to the same cause. I am not the only man who is a partisan of the Piedmontese; but, on the other hand, the agents paid by the College of Cardinals are threefold deserving of punishment: first, for not having dis-

covered the pamphlet; secondly, for not discovering the Committee; thirdly, for not being able to discover in myself, who have been in Rome a whole fortnight, a Piedmontese agent."

The reader may imagine that those words produced an effect amongst the Cardinal's spies, who all flattered themselves that they were clever in their profession and capable of sifting out the greatest mysteries. The Minister broke up the meeting, keeping me back to inform me that he must have the revolutionary Committee, as it would serve as a pretext for dismissing his spies, who cost a great deal and did nothing!

I promised to give him a full report in a few days.

Leaving the Quirinal I went to the Rue Bourguignonne to the Sardinian Consul, to send a ciphered despatch to Turin detailing what had taken place at the meeting which we had just held, and asking for orders. The Turin Cabinet commanded me to give up the members of the Committee on condition that they should be exiled beyond the Roman frontier.

On the 19th of March, by my order, the Committee of the city got up a pacific manifestation to celebrate Saint Joseph's, Garibaldi's, and Mazzini's birthdays, which manifestation lasted two or

three hours, during which the proselytes walked about.

The leaders, who composed the directing Committee, were arrested and exiled from the territory. Tibvestralli, Riguelti, Mastriola, Pittoni, Silvani, and San-Angelis retired to Florence, where they were sheltered at the expense of Tuscany, and continued to spread propaganda against the Government of Rome by order of the Sardinian Government. When the Government of Piedmont invaded the Marches and Umbria it was the members of the Committees, with commissions in their pockets, who guided the armies of Cialdini and Fanti to the usurpation of Perrugia, Sinigaglia, Ancona, etc.

The evening on which these arrests took place Antonelli summoned me to the Vatican, complimented me, and gave me from the Holy Father six hundred francs. These two affairs, joined to others attributed to me, gave me the reputation of being a most extraordinary agent.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN.

(Retrospective View of Garibaldi.)

IMMEDIATELY after the arrest of the two assassins I went, by order of Cavour and Altieri, to the kingdom of Sicily, where I must pause a moment in order to complete Garibaldi's portrait before speaking of the King, the Queen, and Count Trapani.

Although he had apparently retired from politics after the treaty of Villafranca, when Cavour placed before Parliament a plan for the transfer of Nice to France, Garibaldi mounted the tribune, and in a speech full of bitterness, overflowing with rancour against France, attacked and condemned Cavour's policy. But after the sitting he shook hands with the Minister, as well as with Cialdini, Sirtari, and Tepli, his future Generals. From there he went to Genoa, embarked on the vessels which had been purchased for him by the Government, and landed a few days later at Marseilles. In spite of Persano's

vigilance he was attacked by two Neapolitan vessels, which killed four of the regular army of Sardinia, and sunk the two ships which had conveyed him thither.

Admiral Persano, who, by order of Cavour, had followed the expedition to protect it, and, if necessary, fight with it, landed, went to the General's headquarters, and addressed to the Sicilian people a proclamation in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

Then he sent the following despatch to Turin from on board the ship *Adelaide* on the 16th of May, 1860:—

"Garibaldi has landed at Marsala with a thousand men. Crispi received him at the head of the populace. Lafarina is at Palermo. I am going there to protect him. Send men and arms to Palermo."

Next day Garibaldi started for the capital of the island. Arrived at Catalafimi, six thousand Neapolitans, commanded by officers who had sold themselves to Piedmont, pretended to resist him. At the first report of the guns the Commander-in-Chief, who had just received the price of his treachery, ordered a retreat on Palermo. At the moment when Garibaldi appeared on the Carleoni, Cavour's emissaries, who had entered the place and formed a provisional Government, posted up proclamations against the Bourbon dynasty. It was

the first spark of the revolution, the call to arms and the signal for insurrection. Suddenly the disguised Piedmontese spread through the city, inciting the Palermitans to rise, and to send deputations to the chief of the men who had just landed.

General Lanza, who commanded the city in the name of the King of Sicily, instead of putting himself at the head of his twenty-five thousand soldiers and crushing the insurgents, sold himself for the moderate sum of one million francs, then shut up his troops in the citadel.

Two officers of great merit, Colonels Bosco and Vanvekel, hastened to place themselves at the head of a battalion, and helped by the conservative citizens, succeeded in breaking down several barricades, but Lanza, being bought, ordered them to cease firing. He then summoned Bosco before a Court-Martial, had him arrested and confined on board an English vessel. The battalion commanded by Bosco, seeing that their loved chief did not return, rose up, crying "Treachery!" Then a horrible sight, which history will never allow to be forgotten, passed before Lanza's eyes. The heroes who had razed the barricades, who would have put the revolutionists to flight, who defended their King, who would not betray their Sovereign, were disarmed and shot by the bought traitors.

Two days after this human butchery the in-

famous Lanza brought out his twenty-five thousand men before a handful of pirates. I will add just here that Lanza, alone of all the Neapolitan Generals, had joined Filangieri in forcing the King to disband the four Swiss regiments! "Where are you, brave Swiss! A single one of your regiments would have sufficed to crush Garibaldi and his mercenaries!" said the Sicilians during the combat.

Master of Palermo, Garibaldi made himself Dictator, and formed his Cabinet. The brother of the assassin Orsini was appointed Minister for War, and began to encourage voluntary enlistment. But he soon discovered that instead of an army of soldiers he had only an army of pillagers and vagrants whom the revolution had brought to light. Being unable to reduce them to any kind of discipline, he sent them on board the *Leghorn*. The Piedmontese Cabinet camped them at Pontedora (Tuscany), under the command of Nicotera, to whom Ricasoli, the Governor, had promised forty thousand francs. This camp made Rome uneasy. France insisted upon its being broken up. That was done. A regiment of the Line, Nicotera at the head, arrived several days later in Leghorn; he appeared in a red shirt, and embarked for Palermo. The Tuileries and the Vatican declared themselves satisfied, and yet not a man had left Pontedora.

The regiment sent to Palermo belonged simply to the regular army. Persano again telegraphed:

"I have seen the Dictator. He thanks the King's Government for the men and arms brought to him by Nicotera from Leghorn.

"PERSANO.

"16th May, 1860."

The men, money, and arms which the Turin Cabinet had sent the adventurer permitted him to form an army corps of four divisions. The first was commanded by Bixio, formerly a Genoese sailor; the second by Medici, chief of the barricades at Milan; the third by Ristori, an old sailor from Palermo; and the fourth by Cosenz, once chief of the barricades at Leghorn. No one must be surprised that Garibaldi took his Generals from the lower classes; the Dictator Farini and General Fanti took theirs from amongst the coachmen and hotel waiters. All these strange nominations were confirmed officially, to the detriment of many veteran Colonels, by the Government of the libertine King. We will leave Sicily, pillaged and sacked by the Dictator's hordes, and return to Rome, where I spent some time after the arrest and exile of the Roman Committee.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROYAL INFAMIES.

The same evening on which the Holy Father had congratulated me on having relieved him of the revolutionary Committee, the King of Naples, through his representative, Count de San-Martino, summoned me to Naples to entrust an important mission to me.

The Turin Cabinet not only consented to my departure for Naples, but sent with me two agents, Brimbilla and Remetilla, with orders to enrol Brimbilla in the Pontifical army, and take Remetilla with me to Naples, where the Marquis of Villamarina was awaiting me.

With the consent of the College of Cardinals and General de Lamoricière I left for Naples with Count Cröel des Prês, Envoy to King Francis II.

All is confusion in this city. The Ministers are sending in their resignations, the officers and soldiers are deserting, the *employés* are sold to the

revolution; the young Sovereigns, totally inexperienced, yield to their fate. Count de Trapani, an energetic and somewhat Jesuitical man, attempted to come to an understanding with Rome, in the hope of discovering some means of saving the Neapolitan monarchy. Unfortunately, the clerico-Bourbonic party, since the day on which the Ste. Ampoule was buried beneath the walls of the Bastille, have never had a real man amongst them. The people alone give birth to such, with liberty. The tyrannical party have never had other heroes than the knights of the dagger and the chemists of poison. It is to one of these instruments that the Court of Naples, agreeing with the Vatican, look to be saved. Count de Trapani, the King's uncle, bloodthirsty like his brother King Bomba, having learned through Antonelli of my arrival in Naples, and knowing through the police that I had stopped at the Belle Venise Hotel, sent his secretary, Count de la Cröel des Prês, to ask me to fix an hour in which to speak with me on important business which concerned us both. I told the secretary that any hour would suit me, as I had no occupation.

"If you like," said the Count's messenger, "His Highness will be here at eight o'clock this evening."

"Let it be at eight o'clock, then."

Precisely at the hour named, on the 14th of May,

1860, His Highness Count Trapani, uncle to a King, brother to a King, and brother-in-law to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, knocked at my door at the Hotel de la Belle Venise, kept by Pedrotti. The Emissary of the Court spoke to me of what I had done in Rome. He knew everything, and uttered pretty nearly the same words with which Prince Altieri had tried to induce me to assassinate Garibaldi. I told him that it was impossible for me to accept such a mission alone without reflection.

"What do you mean by *alone*," said Trapani, "when Ortoli and Mariani ask nothing better than to execute your orders?"

"Ortoli and Mariani," I replied, "are in the hands of Napoleon's police, and they will not let them go except to the scaffold."

"Yes," said Trapani, "if those men had been arrested in Paris; but they were arrested in Rome, and Cardinal Antonelli commands there. All he had to do was to speak to Goyon in order to have them restored to liberty, and to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, Ortoli and Mariani will be *here*."

"If the men arrive here to-morrow I shall leave the next day for Palermo."

Enchanted with my promise, the Count went to Portici, where I was to go that evening to be introduced to their Majesties, and I, still more enchanted, immediately hastened to the Marquis of Villamarina,

the Sardinian King's Minister, to whom I related all that had just happened. Villamarina ordered me to accept, and to start for Palermo, and gave me a letter of recommendation to Admiral Persano. An intelligent agent can at the same time be in receipt of money from Cavour, the Pope, the King of Naples, and he can travel from Naples to Palermo at the expense of Garibaldi, whom he has been sent to assassinate. This, in fact, was my case, and if the Ultramontane papers accuse me of falsehood I might prove it to Europe, which will read this work, by Napoleon III., Emperor of the French; Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy; Drouyn de l'Lhuys, Senator; Nigra, Ambassador to Paris; Arthom, First Secretary of the Parisian Embassy; Count Borromeo, Italian Deputy; Visconti Venosti, Italian Minister; Garibaldi; Crispi, Italian Deputy; Colonel Cenni, Italian Deputy; General Bixio, Italian Deputy; Admiral Persano, Italian Deputy; and Villamarina, Prefect (Milan), that I have told the truth, and nothing but the truth!

That evening, at eight o'clock, Count Trapani introduced me to the young Sovereigns of Sicily. The King is a thin and puny individual, brought up by priests; he looks like an unfrocked monk. The young Queen is extraordinarily beautiful, and full of manly vivacity, as she proved at Gaeta. I was kindly received. The Ministers Caraffa and Ajosta

were present with Generals Saverino and Piannelli. The conversation was lively and witty. Not a word was uttered concerning my mission. I was very severe on the rascally Generals and functionaries who had sold themselves to the revolutionists for a pittance, and said to the King —

"Sire, unless God comes to your aid I can see nothing but sad trials awaiting you—it is the lot of all Sovereigns. But if anyone ever proposes to you to desert your city of Naples, have the man shot at once who is coward enough to propose such a thing to you."

"But," said the courtiers, "what if a revolution were to break out in the streets?"

"If a revolution broke out in the streets," I replied, "I should go to Fort St. Elma, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed people should be able to say 'Naples was there!'"

"That is my opinion," said the future heroine of Gaeta.

The others remained silent.

On leaving the salon to go to the King's study, where I had been summoned, I said to Trapani —

"You are surrounded by traitors; you are lost."

I prophesied only too truly.

Francis II., unable to say anything else, thanked me for my zeal for his crown, and added that I was to settle with his uncle about my mission.

I received arms, ammunition, powder which did not detonate, daggers, and false passports. Furnished with these I went to the Piedmontese Ambassador, Count de Villamarina, and informed him of the criminal designs of the Naples Bourbons. He, in turn, informed me that Count de Cavour approved beforehand of my acceptance and my journey to Sicily, and, to prove it, gave me a letter of recommendation to the Commander of the Fleet, Admiral Persano.

Ortoli and Mariani arrived in Rome, travelling post, at exactly twelve o'clock. At one o'clock, furnished with false passports, arms, poisons, and a written promise in the Count's own handwriting, in which he pledged himself to give Ortoli and Mariani one hundred thousand francs each if they assassinated Garibaldi, we left by the mail packet for Palermo. I had taken the name of Courletti, Ortoli that of Carbonieri, and Mariani that of Capafiqui.

Two days later we landed at Palermo. On our arrival I went to see Admiral Persano, who had warned Crispi of our arrival.

The next morning we were arrested, handcuffed, and taken to the citadel. A few moments later Garibaldi and Crispi arrived to examine us in a room which contained about two hundred persons. All this business was a farce, but necessary to save my reputation and impose on the people of Palermo.

The two members of the Government seated themselves on chairs placed near a table and made us approach and give our names. We were handcuffed and escorted by a picket of soldiers with loaded guns and bayonets. The officer in command had a naked sabre, and held me by the arm.

"What is your name?" demanded Crispi, addressing me.

"Before answering one word of all the questions it may please you to ask me, I insist on having my handcuffs removed, otherwise I shall tell you nothing. A defence must be as free as an accusation, and I appeal to the illustrious General, the father of Liberty."

"Yes, remove their handcuffs," said the General.

"Hurrah for Liberty! Hurrah for Garibaldi!" cried the surrounding populace.

When he had our handcuffs removed the General ordered the soldiers to shoot down the first one of us who attempted to escape. Then Crispi wanted to begin our examination, but I asked him, in my turn, by what right he questioned me.

"By the right I have to question assassins who are going to be shot," replied the dictator's secretary.

Shot! Then, not knowing if I myself had not been entrapped, in spite of my recommendation to Admiral Persano, I cried —

"Shot! and by what right? What have we

done? What is our crime? And if we are assassins, where are the people whom we have assassinated?"

"You are conspirators," said Crispi, white with rage.

"Where are the judges? Were you condemned without judges every time you conspired? Palermitans, do you hear the language of your apostles of Independence? Shot! shot!"

The Palermitans who were behind us cried out —

"Judges, give them judges! We are not Bourbons, we are Liberals!"

Urged by these cries, General Garibaldi ordered us to be conducted on board the *Washington*, which was anchored in the harbour. During the journey, Ortoli, who had trembled during the discussion, tried to escape; a soldier of the escort shot him in the back. As soon as Mariani got on board he leapt into the sea and drowned himself.

Thus ended the heroes of the Holy Office and the Bourbons of Naples. As to the Corsican shepherd, the agent of the revolution, who had been frightened for one instant, he was given one of the best places, ate with the ship's officers during the passage from Palermo to Genoa, and two days later gave an account of all his frolics to Count Cavour at Turin.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ROMAGNA AND NAPLES EXPEDITION.

Instead of shutting himself up at Fort St. Elma and acting with vigour, Francis II. listened to his Ministers, who had already sold themselves to Piedmont. They imprisoned him at Gaeta, whence he was to emerge only after losing his crown and kingdom.

I was told to accompany the King to Florence, where he was going to show himself to the Tuscans.

Accompanied by a troop of well-dressed men (like those whom Pietri gave me for Napoleon, at Dieppe), I procured a triumphal entry for the gallant King at Leghorn and Florence. It was in the latter city that, after an official ball, the King, entering his chamber, found no less than three ladies, whom the somewhat officious zeal of Zigola and St. Froud, his aides-de-camp, had brought there.

The day following this it was decided to invade in force. All the revolutionists who had remained at Pontedora penetrated into the Ponti-

fical territory, having at their head the members of the Roman Committee, whom Antonelli, it will be remembered, had had arrested and sent out of Rome. Messieurs Sant Angeli and Silvestrelli marched on Perrugia; Mastricula and Fettoni marched on Urbino; and Tittani and Silvani swooped down on Pesaro.

The Piedmontese, commanded by the King, were waiting to enter the States of the Church until the cities had broken out into insurrection, and the Commissioners of these cities appealed to them. But as soon as it was known that Napoleon, being at Chamberg, had authorized Cialdini to fight Garibaldi, who was marching on Rome from Naples, they crossed the frontier, took possession of Perrugia, Pesaro, Ancona, etc.; and although I do not intend to write a history of this campaign, in which the Piedmontese were four times as numerous as Lamoricière's soldiers, I wish to expose a fact which will call down the well-merited blame of all honourable people.

At the moment when General the Marquis of Pimodan, commanding a division of Pontifical zouaves, was charging a Piedmontese column, a soldier behind him struck him dead. This soldier was an agent of Cavour, who had been engaged in Rome. This stroke of business done, the soldier deserted into Cialdini's camp, and was made a

sergeant of carabineers at Milan. The King of Italy, when he passed through the town, decorated Brambilla with the medal for military valour.

I left the King at Florence as I had to go to Naples. My mission was to combat any influences which might turn Garibaldi from Piedmontese interests. I found Naples in the most incredible state of disorder. The King, the Queen, and a few servants, instead of going to Fort St. Elma, as I had advised them, and firing grape-shot into the city, had followed the perfidious counsel of Liborio Romano, the man of Piedmont, and shut themselves up in Gaeta, whence they issued dethroned to follow the road to exile. The camp of Caserte was in a still more incredible state of disorder. The army swarmed with public women. The nights were passed in orgies; Garibaldi, who had been activity itself, was no longer recognizable. When he was not exhibiting himself in public in order to satisfy his love for popularity, he divided his time between the table, women, and Dumas, who never left him. Thanks to this line of action, the kingdom of Naples was left to the tender mercies of such men as Mazzini, Mario, Saffi, Conforti, Scialoia, de Cardona, Imbriona, Tefano, etc., etc. The first three wanted to proclaim a Republic, the others thought only of employing the coffers of the State, and obtaining for themselves offices and dignities with large emoluments.

A single example will show what I mean. If

Garibaldi, as Dictator, contented himself with a modest salary of ten francs a day, his friends did not exhibit the same disinterestedness.

Monsieur Bartheni, the Dictator's secretary, who, before the expedition into Sicily in 1860, was a simple doctor at Genoa, No. 35, Rue Neuve, is now a Staff Colonel, and worth fourteen million francs! Questioned in Parliament by one of his surgical colleagues, a Deputy like himself, on the origin of this sudden fortune, he answered, in the Session of June 7th, 1862, that four millions had been given him by Adami and Co., for the grant of the Calabrian railroads, and that he had amassed the remainder on the Stock Exchange.

Before this state of affairs, which I explained at length to Cavour, the latter could not hesitate without failing in his programme, for it was not possible that such an occasion might arise again for the completion of the Italian unity. Sure of the Roman revolutionists' aid, and counting on Napoleon's promise, the Turin Cabinet decided to invade, and turn their troops in the direction of Naples. They announced that they wished to fight Garibaldi, but were in reality resolved to embrace him as soon as they met him.

I was still at Naples when Garibaldi and the gallant King made their entry into the city, amidst a stupor caused by the comedy which they had enacted on meeting each other.

Farini, the ex-Dictator, installed himself at Naples with the same powers as at Modena, but at the end of a month he became discouraged. Prince de Carignan, Nigra, Ponzo de St. Martin, and Cialdini himself were broken against the energy of the Neapolitans. They all wanted to be Italians.

Disgusted with what I saw, I felt the need of a little rest, which was not surprising after the agitated life which I had led for several years. The death of Count Cavour, the only man whom I considered capable of surmounting all the difficulties to be encountered in this new state of things, restored me to liberty. Those who succeeded to his power, Ricasoli, Rattazzi, Peruzzi, etc., inspired me with only moderate confidence. Perhaps I had seen them too near. Besides, I must admit that the experience which I had acquired had singularly modified my ideas. I saw Piedmont force herself everywhere, at Milan, Modena, Parma, Florence—keeping her footing by brute strength alone. The Piedmontese were looked upon everywhere as strangers, because, it must be owned, they behaved everywhere as if they were conquerors.

The incessantly recurring embarrassments of the Italian Government, the discontent every day more manifest in the annexed provinces, and the bad state of the finances, even now, after so many years have passed, are not calculated to upset my convictions.

CHAPTER XL.

GENEVA, BRUSSELS, AND LONDON.

On leaving Turin, after Count Cavour's death, I went to Geneva. On the shores of the much-loved lake, amongst the Swiss patriots, in the only corner of Europe where one can breathe the breath of liberty, I began to write my first pamphlet, entitled, "*The Truth about the Men and Things of the Kingdom of Italy. Revelations.*" And, in order to give it a certain importance, I took the title of secret agent of Cavour, without, however, signing either my initials or my name.

This pamphlet, corrected by Monsignor Mermillod, made an extraordinary noise in Europe. Inquiries were held in Paris, in London, in Brussels, and in Madrid on the infamies which I had exposed and the manner in which the Duchies had been annexed by Piedmont.

But before reaching that point I had to undergo a great many disappointments. Not a printer in

Geneva would print my pamphlet, so Monsignor Mermillod sent me to Lyons with a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Chousens, a lawyer, living at 33, Place Bellecourt. He welcomed me very cordially, and introduced me to the Legitimist Committee, composed of Leopold Gaillard, Malezieux, Vincent de Saint-Bonnel, de Saint-Victor, the Abbé des Rozières, Jonne, and the Abbé Morin. All these gentlemen congratulated me, begged me to persist in my resolution, and gave me money for my journey to Paris, together with a letter to the Abbé Sisson, proprietor of the *Friend of Belgium*. The Lyons printers had refused to print my work, as had those in Switzerland, the only difference being that the former feared a lawsuit with the Government, whereas the latter refused lest they should cause a popular uprising. The Paris Committee, Messrs. Janicot, of the *Gazette de France*, Garnier and de Riancey, of the *Union*, Coquille, of the *World*, all journalists, and Count de Camé, Broglie, Benoist d'Azy, received me with the same kindness shown me by the members of the Lyons Committee. Unfortunately, in Paris, surrounded by shoals of Government agents, men tremble even more than they do in the provinces. Not one of the partisans of Divine Right would undertake to introduce me to a printer. Acting on their advice, I went to Brussels, and, with my manuscript under my arm, introduced myself to Monsieur Paul Néve,

of the *Brussels News*. No sooner had he looked over my pamphlet than he ordered his printer to throw off 4,000 copies. Its success was immense. In less than two hours the entire edition was sold. During my stay in Brussels I came in contact with all the most illustrious men of the Catholic party, and was well received everywhere. Counts de Theux, de Mérode, Dumortier, Schollart, d'Arenberg, Paul Néve, and many others invited me to dine with them. Several ecclesiastics followed their example. His Eminence Monsignor Cardinal Sterckx invited me to his house at Malines, where he entertained me for a week. The immense success of this pamphlet induced the clerical party to send me to London to have it translated into English.

On the advice of the Holy Father's legate, Ludowiski, now Bishop of Posen, the Belgian Committee sent me to London with a letter for His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. After reading his colleague's communication, the Prince of the Church installed me in his house, received me at his table, and procured a translator for my pamphlet. His Eminence helped me with all his power and knowledge to correct the proof-sheets, and send them to Scotland, Ireland, and throughout England.

During his exile in Rome the King of Sicily created me a Baron, and sent me, with my titles of nobility, a letter written by his own hand.

The Roman Court, stimulated by the Court of Naples, sent me through His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli the sum of 5,000 francs.

After a two months' stay in London, at Cardinal Wiseman's, I left His Eminence. I went into his house a simple shepherd, and left there a Baron. The diploma sent me by the King from Rome, and given me by the Cardinal, bears the name: "Griscelli, Baron de Rimini."

From that day forth the name of my forefathers was replaced by that of "Monsieur Arthur Baron de Rimini."

I left for Switzerland, where I wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, which Monsieur Wyss, of Berne, printed, and another letter to Victor Emmanuel, which I had printed at Freiburg. These two letters form part of a pamphlet which I published at Brussels, and which bears the title "*Off With all Masks!*"

CHAPTER XLI.

MONSIGNOR BOVIERI.

Whilst I was at Berne, enjoying the sight of the mountains, I received a letter from Monsignor Bovieri, the Holy Father's Nuncio at the Swiss Confederation, inviting me to visit him at Lucerne, where the Nuncio lives, whilst all his colleagues stay at Berne, the seat of the Federal Council. I accepted Monsignor's invitation without having the slightest idea what he could have to say to me. He welcomed me very kindly, invited me to dinner that evening, and while we were at table explained the reason for his invitation.

"Baron de Rimini," said he, "I have received letters from Rome highly in praise of your energy in unmasking the enemies of the Holy Church, and of your devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff. I must confess that, in spite of the services which you rendered us at Bologna and in Rome, your mission to Palermo raised some suspicions, because there

were people who said that if you had been looked upon as *one of us*, with the instructions which you had, you would certainly have been shot. But the works which you have since published against the Piedmontese have removed all fear from our minds, and force us to place unlimited confidence in the man who renders services such as those to our cause."

"Monsignor," said I, "if the people who calumniated me in Rome had been at Palermo and seen me handcuffed, escorted by soldiers in Garibaldi's presence, if they had heard me speak then they would not now accuse me. I was not to have been shot any more than the other two, although we were guilty of wishing to assassinate Garibaldi. But who could prove it? We arrived one evening, and were arrested the next morning. We had not even seen the city. If Ortoli was shot, it was because he tried to escape. But I own with regret, Monsignor, that the men surrounding the College of Cardinals are mean brigands and blood-drinkers when they speak of Liberals and Republicans. No! a thousand times no, your Eminence, the Liberals and Republicans of to-day are not the sons of the Republicans of '93. Robespierres, Marats, and Dantons no longer exist. Those who cannot see this are wilfully blind. Look at the Italian revolution, of which I do not approve, against which I

fought, and which I shall oppose as long as I live; in what way does it resemble the French revolution? They are two extremes. The French Republicans guillotined their King, butchered their priests, massacred the people, and swam in blood. Thousands of victims passed before the revolutionary tribunals and mounted the scaffold without evidence, without trial, without defence, the majority without even being questioned. The Italian Republicans ask only to expulse strangers, and to be allowed a little liberty; but they have no scaffold, no massacres, no revolutionary tribunals, no trials, no beheaded sovereigns, and no butchered priests."

"What you say is quite true," said the Papal Nuncio, "but we are afraid that they will succeed in sending us out of Rome, as in 1849."

"As long as the French flag floats over Fort St. Ange the Holy Father's Government have nothing to fear."

"May God grant it," replied Monsignor Bovieri, more or less convinced by the praise which I had bestowed on his enemies.

Then he showed me a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, which described the sufferings and embarrassments of the Roman Government. They had no money, and no one would interest himself in trying to procure any for them.

"Baron de Rimini," said the Cardinal, "who

comes from London, who recoils at nothing, and who triumphs over the greatest difficulties, could he not undertake to return to England in our cause and seek out some Christian who would open an account with us with security? Thanks to his acquaintances, it must be easy for him."

"I accept willingly," I replied; "and hope before long, with God's help, to succeed. Write to His Eminence Antonelli to send immediately to Cardinal Wiseman, in London, the papers which will be indispensable, stating the interest to be paid, the security they are prepared to offer, the amount desired, and the length of time for which they wish to borrow."

Next day I passed through Bale, Mulhouse, Strasburg, the Luxemburg, and Belgium, and embarked at Ostend for London.

Cardinal Wiseman, seeing me return, and knowing besides what had brought me, appeared delighted, and again offered me room and a seat at his table in his palace at Number 8, York Place, Portman Square.

The neglect of the College of Cardinals to send me what was necessary, although His Eminence had written from London, made me lose a month in the capital of "perfidious Albion," where the heat suffocated me.

At length the papers arrived, and Monsieur

Charles Devaux, a banker, whose counting-house was opposite London Bridge, on the entreaties of the Cardinal, who was his confessor, lent the sum of twelve million francs to the Sovereign Pontiff for ten years at five per cent. interest on the security of the Pontifical State.

As soon as the millions had started for Rome Cardinal Wiseman gave me two thousand francs for my travelling expenses, and charged me to carry some sealed papers to the Comte de Chambord, who had taken up his residence in the pretty town of Lucerne. I never accepted a mission with greater pleasure, and the reader will understand this since I was exchanging the suffocating heat of London for the cool Swiss air, and returning to Monsignor Bovieri with the pleasure of having confirmed the Vatican's former good opinion of me; besides, and this was by no means the least of my reasons for being satisfied, I was about to have the honour of finding myself in the presence of the Comte de Chambord, Henry V., the representative of Divine Right.

CHAPTER XLII.

COMTE DE CHAMBORD AT LUCERNE.

I took leave of Cardinal Wiseman, who had heaped kindnesses upon me, and whom I shall remember as long as I live. I wish that he could see this and know that I am no ingrate. When I got out of the railway carriage I was surprised to see Monsignor Bovieri, the Papal Nuncio, and his secretary, who were waiting to take me to the Nunciature, where an apartment had been made ready for me, thanks to the care of the representative of the Holy See.

I expressed my gratitude at the most kind reception of a poor unknown man by a Prince of the Church.

"What do you mean by unknown? Why, Baron de Rimini has been warmly recommended by the Bishop of London, and you have at Lucerne His Highness the Prince and a crowd of Frenchmen who have been anxiously awaiting you ever since the receipt of the telegram announcing your arrival!"

A Prince of the Church had announced by telegram to Henri of France, the head of the Bourbons, that Baron de Rimini had left for Lucerne. As the Corsican shepherd had disappeared before Baron de Rimini, upon my word I was not surprised.

On entering the Nunciature with the whole staff of the Embassy I found the Count de Charette, Commander of the Pontifical zouaves, whom I had already seen in Rome with General de Lamoricière. He shook hands warmly. Then he said —

"His Highness wishes to see you at once."

Monsignor Bovieri accompanied us to the Duc de Bordeaux, whom we found in a salon, surrounded by a crowd of the inhabitants of the noble Faubourg St. Germain. Several of them—Messrs. De la Rochefoucauld, Pozzo di Borgo, de Chévigny, Bourbon Chalus, de Runeville, de Charette, de Mounier, de Poli—had already seen me in Rome, and shook hands with me. His Highness, before whom I went, and bent the knee, took me by the hand and made me sit on his left. He congratulated me on my energy in being the first to unmask the Sardinian King and his Ministers.

After acquainting himself with the contents of the letters which I brought him from London, Monsignor de Bordeaux again turned towards me, shook my hand affectionately, and invited me to dine with him the next day. An hour later I left with

Monsignor Bovieri, with whom I supped. There was neither dinner nor reception at the Count de Chambord's that evening.

The next day, at exactly six o'clock, we entered the salon where I had been received the day before. Monsignor Bovieri, Chancellor Bortoli, and I went to pay our respects to His Royal Highness of France, who on this occasion was surrounded by a crowd of ladies who had come from Paris expressly for the purpose of offering their congratulations and devotion to the head of the elder branch, the grandson of Charles X.—to him, in a word, whom the illustrious author of the "Genius of Christianity" called the child of a miracle.

A few seconds later the officers on duty exclaimed—

"Take your places, ladies and gentlemen, His Royal Highness is served!"

Over fifty guests seated themselves, taking the places marked with their names. I had the honour to find myself placed between the illustrious Berryer and Victor Laprade, an orator and a poet. Although there were neither toasts nor speeches, the conversation was none the less brilliant and witty.

Nearly all the *preux chevaliers* of Castelfidardo had accompanied the Commander of the Pontifical zouaves, who after the dinner was to celebrate his union with the Duchess of Fitz-James, an angel of

candour, talent, and virtue, who, alas! was called away from her inconsolable relations and friends only too soon afterwards!

An immense number of the first families in France had taken Lucerne by assault, as it were, in their eagerness to salute the King by Divine right.

Whilst we were at dessert a few cries were heard under His Highness's windows. These were succeeded by shouts of: "Down with the Whites! Down with the Bourbons!" followed by, "Long live the Republic! Long live Garibaldi! Hurrah for Italy!"

Nearly all the guests rose. Monseigneur de Chambord alone remained seated, and begged the company to pay no attention to the disturbance.

But as everyone was only too anxious to show his or her devotion, they all cried that it was an insult which France could not and would not tolerate.

Whilst the old Legitimists gathered around His Royal Highness and the ladies, I went downstairs with Count Bourbon de Chalus, Malézieux, Councillor of the Lyons Court, Baron de Saint-Front, and Viscount de Renneville. I saw, as I stood in the doorway of the hotel, a young man who was calling out more than the others, and a man of about forty-five, whom I immediately recognized as the paid instigator of the hurly-burly which a few

French emigrants were trying to raise. Without looking to see if the others were following me, I ran into the midst of the yelling crowd, seized the leader by the collar, knocked him down, and placed the barrel of my pistol at his head, saying —

"If you move, you vile wretch, I will blow your brains out!"

All the others took to their heels. The blond young man alone came towards me as if to snatch away the pistol. I stretched him at my feet with a blow from my fist, and was about to stab him, when Councillor Malézieux seized my arm, and calling me by name, said —

"Do not kill him, perhaps he is a Frenchman."

"Yes, we are French," they both said, as they got up.

"And Frenchmen from Lyons, like you, Councillor," added the middle-aged man, addressing Monsieur Malézieux.

"Who are you? what are you doing here?" asked the Legitimist Magistrate.

"I am Primorin, ex-Commissary of Police at Lyons, whom one of Napoleon's agents caused to be dismissed several years ago. This young man is the child of Mademoiselle Meunier and a Corsican whom I had arrested at Lyons as a bigamist, and who, now serving the Emperor, had the Law of Suspects enforced against me."

"But who paid you to grossly insult a French prince."

"No one, monsieur. We were in a *café*, and seeing a great many people go in, and being somewhat heated with wine, we began to shout under the windows."

Monsieur Malézieux gave twenty francs to the ex-Commissary, who had indeed arrested me, as will be remembered, and whom I had had kicked out of office (at the time of the Prince President's journey to the South) by the Prefect, Monsieur Vincent, now a Senator.

I told the young man to come to me the next day at the Nunciature.

When we returned to the Comte de Chambord's salon all the guests, the ladies first, congratulated me warmly on my energy—to such an extent, indeed, that up to the celebration of the wedding I was the hero of the hour.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, the young shouter of the day before was announced. I immediately made him come in and sit down.

In reply to my questions he told me that his mother had died when he was born, and he had been brought up by his grandfather, who had died of cholera. Then he sold the little there was left and came to Switzerland as clerk in a library, but he was now without employment.

I asked him if he would be glad to know his father.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

I gave him a hundred francs, asking him to send for his papers from Lyons, and promised him that if he would be good I would get him a place.

I had hardly finished before he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me—embraces which I returned with interest, thanking God and Monsieur Malézieux for having prevented me from killing my own child.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TRAVELS, MISSIONS (ANECDOTES).

Two days later I took leave of His Royal Highness Henry of France, and Monsignor Bovieri, and started (by the latter's command) for Baden-Baden, where I was to meet Cardinal Grassellini, who was coming from Rome on a mission to the Queen of Naples. Just as I was stepping into the railway carriage, the young fellow from Lyons came up with tears in his eyes, saying —

"Oh, are you going, sir? And what will become of me, who am so fond of you!"

"You will come to me at Munich as soon as you get your papers, my boy," said I, holding out my hand to him. He seized it and covered it with kisses.

The illustrious orator Berryer, who was also starting for Baden-Baden, seeing the young fellow, asked me —

"Is that young man deploring his past life?"

"On the contrary," said I, "he is rejoicing; he wants to come with me and earn his living in a situation which I am to procure for him."

The whistle of the locomotive put an end to the conversation, and the express brought us in the evening to the land of roulette.

We stopped at the Hotel de la Reine d'Angleterre, where Cardinal Grassellini had kindly engaged rooms for me.

That evening, at *table d'hôte*, my surprise may be imagined when I found myself seated between Count Bacciochi, the Emperor's Chamberlain, and de Saint Albin, librarian to the Empress.

Bacciochi's astonishment was as great as mine had been, particularly when he saw the Roman Prince take my arm after dinner, requesting me to act as his *cicerone* in the salon. After losing a few napoleons, Monsieur Berryer left Germany; the Cardinal and I proceeded to Augsburg to visit Her Majesty the Queen of Sicily, to whom His Eminence had been sent by the Sovereign Pontiff, to persuade her to return to Rome to her husband, and thus put a stop to the calumnies which the enemies of the dynasty were endeavouring to spread throughout Europe.

The Bishop of the city had engaged rooms for us at the Hotel des Trois Rois. The day following

our arrival we were presented to the heroine of Gaeta in the Ursuline Convent.

The ecclesiastic authorities of the city accompanied us. When we entered the convent the almoner and all the sisters of the establishment advanced with great ceremony to the door to welcome the Prince of the Church, and offer him holy water. Then we reached the convent chapel, to the glorious strains of the *Veni Creator* and the *Te Deum*.

At the end of the ceremony we were ushered into a richly-furnished salon. We had only barely seated ourselves before "The Queen" was announced. Maria Sophia came forward, escorted by her brother, a Colonel in the 4th Light Cavalry, Prince de Taxis, aide-de-camp to the King, Prince Saint Ignazio, Chamberlain to the Queen, accompanied by several ladies attached to her person.

She was too much surrounded for a recluse. She thanked the Cardinal for his visit, and bowed to all those who were present at the audience, saying a few kind words to each with charming grace.

"Oh, you here?" said the Queen, when my turn came to be presented.

"Yes, your Majesty," said I; "presented at Portici and Naples by your uncle, His Highness de Trapani, I vowed fidelity to you; here at Augsburg,

presented by His Eminence, I renew my oath, regretting that I was not killed at Gaeta in the act of opposing such cowardice and treachery."

"I thank you," replied the Queen, giving me her hand to kiss.

When the audience was over the Queen's brother took me to his house, with Prince de Taxis, where he introduced me to his wife, a young woman possessing rare beauty, but who, by the side of her husband, looked almost too small. She was quite the wittiest woman in Bavaria. During the week we spent at Augsburg she exacted with infinite grace a daily visit from me.

On the evening of our arrival the Queen invited us all to dine at the Town Hall.

She had on her right the Cardinal, and on her left the Bishop of the Diocese, Monsignor Pancrace. Opposite her sat her sister-in-law, on whose right sat Baron de Rimini, the Cardinal's secretary on her left. The conversation was in French, as the Italians did not speak German, and the Germans were unacquainted with the language of Dante.

The next day I was invited to spend the day with His Royal Highness the brother of the Queen of Sicily at his country-seat near the Danube, where I heard from the lips of the heroine the following story, which I think worth publishing, to show the confidence reposed in me by the lofty

personages who admitted me to their circles, and the way in which many German Princes marry as their hearts alone dictate. The Queen had just reminded the assembled company that I had advised her husband to fire on Naples rather than give up the city.

The Queen had scarcely finished before a woman's beautiful hand stretched out under the table and shook mine. I heard a voice say —

"You are Baron de Rimini, of whom my husband and I have so often spoken to Her Majesty."

"Yes, madame," I replied; "and to the honour I feel in being allowed to touch your hand, pray join that of informing me to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"To Her Highness the wife of Max of Bavaria, Colonel in the 4th Light Cavalry, Her Majesty's sister-in-law, *née* Muller, and who wishes to talk a little with you about Italian affairs."

"Your Highness's invitation is an order to your very humble servant," said I, bowing again.

Dinner was scarcely over before Max of Bavaria's wife rose from table with the intention of approaching me. I, too, rose as quickly as possible, and went to meet her. She again held out her hand to me. I touched it with very visible respect, but she took my arm without further formality, and led me into the salon, near the window. There we seated

ourselves, and she asked me a number of questions on the men and affairs of Italy. The Pope, Antonelli, de Merode, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, Magenta, Solferino, Marsala, Palermo, Naples, and Gaeta were all passed in review.

During our conversation, or rather our discussion, His Eminence the Bishop of Pancrace, the Burgomaster, the Queen, leaning on the arm of His Highness the Prince of Taxis, and followed by His Highness her brother, the lucky husband of my illustrious and witty interrogator, closed around us in a circle, without, however, taking part in the discussion.

When the Queen saw that all that her sister-in-law had asked had been more or less answered, she proposed that we should go out for a turn on the ramparts, a delightful walk, planted with trees, from which one can see a lovely panorama of the kingdom of Bavaria.

The Queen of Sicily descended first, on the arm of His Highness the Prince of Taxis; Prince Max, his wife, and I followed. The rest were behind us. As soon as we reached the ramparts, near the Munich station, I took the liberty of addressing a question to Prince Max's wife.

"Will your Highness honour me by telling me in what part of Germany lies the town in which you first saw the light? My ignorance prevents my

being able to discover the name of Muller among so many reigning families."

The married couple looked at me and laughed.

"Why, Baron," answered the charming Princess, "my father was not a Sovereign; he was only a Major in the army of His Majesty of Bavaria, and the town in which I was born is Ratisbon."

Then, with a look of love, and a transport which no pen could describe, she took her husband's arm, saying—

"Although I am young my life is a little romance."

"A happy romance," I suggested.

"Yes, very happy," pressing close to the Prince, "and I will gladly relate it to you if you will promise not to print it."

"Oh! your Highness," said I, bowing; "who would dare to write a novel which the Stäel has not written?"

"You flatter me, Baron, when you ascribe to me the talent of the author of *Corinne*, but I prefer raising our children and looking after the household to occupying myself with literature."

"I am certain your Highness could do both."

"No; I would rather tell you my romance than write it."

"I thank your Highness a thousand times beforehand."

"Dine with us to-morrow. The Prince has invited

the Cardinal. After dinner they are going to the convent to see the Queen about some Roman affairs. We will stay at home, and I shall entertain you by telling you my story."

During this walk on the ramparts of Augsburg a great many people noticed that Her Sicilian Majesty pressed somewhat too near her cavalier, and that other bonds than those of simple gallantry existed between Maria Sophia and the Prince of Taxis.

Next day, after the dinner at the Queen's brother's, the Princess fulfilled the promise she had made me. After her husband and the Cardinal had started for the convent we sat down to a *tête-à-tête* on the lounge, and Her Highness began —

"I was born at Ratisbon. My father, a Major in the King's army, died when I was barely twelve years old. My good mother, whom you know, became a widow at the age of twenty-nine. Although poor, she might have married again, but she had thoughts for no one beyond her only daughter, and living for her alone, would not place her under the authority of a step-father. After the death of my father we sold all that was not necessary and came to Munich, where we settled.

"My mother lived in a very retired manner, and occupied herself with my education. I studied hard to please her. I made great progress, particularly in the study of music and singing. The day of the

general distribution of prizes my mother almost died with joy when she saw her daughter laden with wreaths. All the high nobility of the capital congratulated her. That same day the Director of the Theatre Royal at Munich came to see her, and after a great deal of parleying, it was settled that he should give me lessons every day in my mother's presence, and that I was not to appear upon the stage until the day of my *début.* But I had to promise to go every evening to the theatre, occupying a box which he placed at our disposal, so that I might study the stage, and the language and gestures of the acting artists.

"Two months later an advertisement announced the first appearance of Mdlle. X, a Major's daughter, who, in order to support her mother, had become an artist. The theatre was overflowing. The Court and the greater part of the nobility were there. As soon as I had sung a few notes I was much applauded. At the end of the first act I was conducted by the Director to the Royal box. My mother, who had not left me, fainted on leaving their Majesties' presence. His Highness Prince Max supported her, and accompanied us behind the scenes, where I had a dressing-room.

"During the second and the last acts the applause was kept up even more vigorously. Artists who had never seen me, instead of being jealous of my

triumph, came to congratulate me, and accompanied me to the door. His Highness, whom I did not know, went with us, giving his arm to my mother, as far as our house. There, in a little uncarpeted room, he threw himself at my feet. Next day we were all three here, at Augsburg, at the Hotel des Trois Rois. The Prince had rooms on the second floor, and my mother, who had not let me out of her sight, announced to me on going to bed that His Highness wished to marry me.

"I leave you to imagine what the newspapers and the public said about us. Prince Louis Max, who lunched and dined with us, told us one day that he had received an order from the King, from his father, and the Minister for War to return to Munich. We accompanied him, my mother and I, as far as the station, and although the purity of my conscience kept me free from all self-reproach, when I saw him get into the railway-carriage without embracing me (he only shook hands with us), I felt as if I should faint. My good mother kissed me, and said: 'Fear nothing, my daughter, your husband will return.'

"I was the cause of the Prince's sudden recall. The King did not wish him to marry me, and it was owing to his entreaties that the Prince consented to leave me on condition that the King would make me a Countess, and his father would give me a

dowry. The King gave the title, and His Highness contributed four hundred thousand florins. When he had it all in his hand the Prince came back to Augsburg, summoned Monsignor Bishop Pancrace, and that evening we were married! When the Court and nobility heard of our marriage they refused to recognize us.

"We continued to live at Augsburg. My husband, who was a Colonel in the Fourth Regiment of Light Cavalry, was obliged to go every day to Munich. My good mother and I used to meet him at the station every evening.

"We had been leading this life for four years when one day, as we were sitting on a bench on the ramparts, a gentleman saw our child playing with his nurse, and stopped to speak to him.

"'What is your name, my young friend?'

"'My name is Louis, the same as papa's,' answered my son, boldly.

"'And what does your papa do?'

"'My papa is a Colonel of cavalry, monsieur.'

"'Ah, a Colonel of cavalry!' Then, after a moment's reflection, the gentleman drew the child to him, embraced him, and asked him, 'What are you going to do when you grow up?'

"'I shall serve the King, like papa.'

"Then the gentleman turned to me, and rising, said: 'Mademoiselle, I congratulate you on your brother's precocity.'

"'He is my son, monsieur.'

"'Then, if I am not mistaken, you are the wife of His Highness Prince Louis Max.'

"'Yes, monsieur, and that is his son.'

"Next day, while we were at the same place, I saw several carriages rolling along the ramparts. When the first carriage reached my favourite bench it stopped, the door opened, and the gentleman of the day before alighted, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen. Coming up to me, he said—

"'I wish to present the Queen to you.'

"A gentleman had seized Louis, and was smothering him with kisses, calling him *his son*. It was my father-in-law." Her Highness stopped and looked at me. "The remainder is not worth repeating."

This remainder which the Princess would not tell me was, that from that day she was admitted to the Bavarian Court, where nothing is done without her opinion being asked. Whilst I had the honour of visiting her at Augsburg many of the King's Ministers called on her or wrote to her for advice.

The Queen of Naples having consented to return to Rome, the Cardinal and I left for Munich. The Cardinal stopped at the Nunciature, and I at the hotel near the Royal post-office, not far from the famous brewery where His Majesty goes every evening like a simple peasant and drinks his mug of beer.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISSION TO MADRID.

As at Augsburg, the civil and military authorities called on the Cardinal. The Nuncio (Prince Chigi), the Minister of the Interior (Neumans), and His Majesty the King gave official dinners in his honour. I had the honour to be present at the first two. The Cardinal alone was invited to the King's banquet. His chaplain, his secretary, and myself were only asked to the reception which was held afterwards, at which we were pretty well received, but during which I talked to no one besides Baron de Feistemester, His Bavarian Majesty's secretary, who confirmed Princess Louis Max's story.

Some days later we passed through Switzerland and France, and embarked at Marseilles. The day of our arrival in Rome I had the pleasure of talking with His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Ferraris, the Minister of Finance. They both thanked me for my zeal, and congratulated me on the manner in

which I had negotiated the Pontifical loan in London. I replied that their praise should be bestowed on His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, not on me, and the next day, in the Holy Father's presence, I repeated the same thing.

Francis II., knowing that I was in Rome, and learning from Cardinal Gressallini that I had been at Augsburg, sent his secretary, General Saverino, to summon me to him at the Farnese Palace. I went, and there in the presence of Generals Ulloa, de Clary, Counts Trani, de Trapani, Prince Pignatelli, Baron Cetti, and Prince Iscio, I reminded him of what I had told him at Portici. He asked me news of Italy, France, and Germany. I answered that His Majesty of Italy had been ruined by his pro-Consuls, and France by Napoleon; but that Germany was on the look-out for some man who would help her to drain off the kinglets who were acting the tyrant. On a sign from the ex-King of Naples, the courtiers all retired, except Count de Trapani. The latter then addressed me, and congratulating me on having procured money for the Holy Father by means of a loan of fourteen millions of francs, begged me to go to Spain where I could place some bonds of the Gaeta loan. On my assenting, he gave me a letter of recommendation to Count de San Martino, the Ambassador of Naples at Madrid, and a thousand francs for my journey. The Roman Court, although

they had come into possession of fourteen millions, gave me only three thousand francs. I confess that this mission was accepted with pleasure, as it procured for me the advantage of visiting the land of Ignatius de Loyola at the expense of the Bourbons.

When I left Rome I was given a mass of letters of recommendation: for the Queen, for the King, the Spanish Grandees, Father Claret, and the celebrated Sister Patrocinio.

On my arrival in Madrid I was entertained at the house of Count de San Martino, Ambassador of the King of Naples (without a kingdom), who, mistaking Baron de Rimini for a person of rank, presented me to the Court and the Ministers, and accompanied me to the celebrated Convent of Alcantara, to see the all-powerful Patrocinio with her fabulous chemise.*

The celebrated Sister received the Ambassador and myself with a certain ceremony, which, in her quality of Superior of the convent, she did not think necessary for the reception of a Minister.

She asked me numberless questions about the Pope, the Cardinals, and many statesmen. When

* Sister Patrocinio—an intriguer by nature—was once, as a canteen woman, condemned to a year's imprisonment for theft. She had the boldness to convince Father Claret, the favoured confessor to the Queen, that the Virgin of Toledo had appeared to her in prison, and said—"Patrocinio, before long you will leave this place pardoned, and heaped with honours. God gives you the might to heal all the ills of the great who consent to wear devoutly the chemise which you *now have on*."

the Minister told her what I had done for the clerico-Bourbonic cause, and the reason for my journey to Spain, she said —

"The day after to-morrow you may bring me one hundred thousand francs' worth of bonds of the Gaeta Loan. I will give you a cheque on the convent bank."

In ten days, thanks especially to Father Claret and his friend Patrocinio, I had disposed of fifteen hundred thousand francs' worth of bonds.

It is with this dirty garment, which I have seen and touched, that Father Claret and Sister Patrocinio govern Spain. The Queen feels such devotion for Sister Patrocinio's shirt that she has never been without it during her confinements.

In 1864, in the convent directed by Sister Patrocinio, besides twenty-seven young girls who had been disgraced, there were no less than sixteen descendants of Spanish Grandees who were in an interesting condition. As may be imagined, it created great excitement throughout Spain. To screen the real culprits, the King and Father Claret, the sacristan, Don José Malrina, was accused and arrested. They poisoned him, saying that he had committed suicide in order to escape punishment.

I then went to see Marshal Narvaez, with whom I had had several interviews after his marriage to Mademoiselle Tascher during his exile in Paris. I

looked him up, and explained to him the aim of my visit. He listened without interrupting me, and said as soon as I had finished —

"The cause of the Bourbons in Naples is lost for want of men. The poor King had around him nothing but cowards and traitors. I will speak in his favour to my banker Monsieur Vargas, Number 2, Place de l'Hotel de Ville, who is also Queen Christina's banker. If he sees the possibility of doing anything he will do it. Come again to-morrow, and I shall give you his answer."

The next day he informed me that the banker Vargas would take Gaeta bonds to the amount of one million fifteen hundred thousand francs at sixty francs.

When I announced this news to the representative of Francis II. he nearly fell backwards.

"Why, it is impossible!" said he; "how the devil did you manage it? I tell you this business is absolutely incredible to me."

In reply I took Count de San Martino with me to the banker Vargas, with whom he signed the deed by which the King was to receive at Rome, through the banker Torlonia, the sum of nine hundred thousand francs in return for the deposit of one million five hundred francs' worth of bonds of the Gaeta loan. Banker Vargas made six hundred thousand francs by this transaction!

On hearing of this unhoped-for result, Prince Pignaletti wrote me an autograph letter, congratulating me in the name of his master the King, and requesting me to go to Paris, Number 5, Rue Taitbout, to the ex-Ambassador Canofari, with whom I would find orders for another mission entrusted to my zeal and devotion. I left Madrid for Paris.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISSION TO LONDON AND WARSAW.

When I presented myself at the Marquis of Canofari's he acquainted me with the orders which he had received from the Farnese Palace in Rome.

I was to go to London, and there use my utmost endeavours to negotiate a loan on the Farnese Palace, which the King consented to mortgage for the sum of two million francs.

I went to London with full powers to negotiate. To tell the truth, I did not expect to succeed. As I was walking in Regent Street one evening I was accosted by Carreras, a rich Spanish merchant, who owns two large tobacco shops in Regent and Prince's Streets. Carreras invited me to dine at his house, and asked me what had brought me to London.

"I have come to look for money, and am ready to offer as security the Farnese Palace, which the King wishes to mortgage."

"Oh! the deuce! If you had come the day before yesterday I could have settled your business in a couple of hours. To-day it is impossible, I am cleaned out; I have just loaned four millions to the Bey of Tunis. But I can get your loan settled with Mr. Holloway, the chemist. Come to my shop in Prince's Street to-night; Holloway will be there from seven to eight o'clock, and we can talk."

At my first word the Englishman said —

"I will lend all the King asks in return for a mortgage on the beautiful Farnese Palace."

I succeeded in obtaining this loan without Cardinal Wiseman's aid. On leaving Carreras I dispatched a telegram to Marquis Canofari requesting him to send an agent from the King with the title-deeds and the written authority to borrow. Six days later Count Francis de Latour, first aide-de-camp to Francis II., arrived from Rome. Twenty-four hours after his arrival an order for two million francs, minus the commission of two thousand francs, was sent from the counting-house of Mouriet, the banker, and addressed to the banker Torlonia, at Rome, to be paid on sight to the ex-King of Sicily.

After visiting the Princes of Orleans, to whom Monsieur Latour remitted letters from Rome, the King's messenger and myself embarked for Belgium. Before reaching Paris we went through Ostend,

Bruges, Malines, Anvers, Liege, Brussels, Mons, Tournay, Lille, and Amiens. I only slept in Paris, and went the next day to Versailles, where I stopped at the Hotel Comte de Toulouse, under the name of Baron de Rimini. The police and gendarmes never guessed that they had at Versailles the man who had so often commanded them at the Sartory manœuvres.

One evening, whilst I was dining, a gentleman with a Polish accent sat down at my table and asked me if I knew Baron de Rimini.

"I am he," said I; "what can I do for you? Who sent you?"

For all answer he placed in my hands a letter from Prince Czartoryski, requesting me to go to his house, Ile de St. Louis, Paris. The Pole Jabloniski dined with me. Then we left by rail, and at eight o'clock in the evening I was knocking at the door of the Hotel Lambert. The Polish Prince received me at once, and asked me to accept the mission of accompanying Jabloniski, who was carrying the sum of one hundred thousand francs to the insurrectional committee. Without having any responsibility, my duty was to go with him to Warsaw, to Archbishop Felinski, with whom he was to deposit the sum in return for a receipt, and to obtain the utmost possible information as to the progress of affairs.

The Polish agent and I left the next day. Like

all the outlaws of his country, he was proud, brutal, and insolent. No sooner had we passed the French frontier than he began to assume commanding airs, and when we reached the Mayence station, where he wished to stop, he ordered me to carry his bag! I looked him from head to foot, and told him to carry his bag himself, that Prince Czartoryski had sent me to Poland as his companion, and not as his servant, and that, besides, if one of us had to be valet, I was accustomed to command and not to obey. He carried his bag to the hotel himself. But from that moment misunderstanding took the place of friendship and esteem. We each took a room, and dined apart. While the waiter was serving me I asked him where the telegraph-office was. When I had finished I took my hat and went towards the station to send a telegram. The Pole followed me —his manner had changed. He asked me if I was telegraphing to Paris.

"Yes," said I, looking hard at him; "the Prince shall know in an hour's time that I will not go to Warsaw."

"And why?"

"Because I have never travelled with masters—"

"Oh! Baron, I beg your pardon. The designs you attribute to me never even entered my head."

I made him implore me a great deal, then consented at last to relent, and we returned to the

hotel, but instead of going to bed we started for Wiesbaden. Two hours later the Pole Jabloniski won eighty-five thousand francs at roulette. The next day, in spite of my opposition, and notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of several Poles, he insisted upon playing again. At exactly three o'clock he had only one note of a thousand francs left, out of the hundred and eighty-five thousand. He folded it square and placed it on zero. The croupier turned the wheel, and announced 27. He had not quite uttered the word before a report was heard. The wretched Jabloniski's head fell bleeding on the green cloth. An hour later the play began again, to make other victims. The Commissary of Police in charge of the gambling-rooms gave me the following certificate at my request —

"I, the undersigned, Commissary of the tables at Wiesbaden, certify that the said Jabloniski killed himself *by a pistol-shot*, after having lost all the money which he had won the day before—that is, eighty-five thousand francs—plus the hundred thousand francs which he had in his pocket-book. I moreover certify that Baron de Rimini, who came with him, and several Poles did their utmost to prevent him from playing.

"(Signed) MULLER."

That evening, whilst this certificate was on its way to Paris, I continued my journey to Poland.

On arriving at Warsaw I learned that Archbishop Felinski, to whom I was to give an account of my mission, and ask for information, had been arrested the day before, by order of the Czar, and taken to St. Petersburg, thence to Siberia. Fearing the same fate, I only asked a few questions indirectly, and found that the insurrection was not general, but that agents were at work who were getting people killed in order to obtain money from the committees of Turin and Zurich.

To prevent suspicion, I asked for a guide who spoke French, and had myself taken to the Catholic cemetery. There, in a little path on the right, I fell on my knees on a stone, on which I read with tears in my eyes: "Here lies the Countess de Gardonne, regretted and mourned by her inconsolable husband."

That evening I was on my way to Posen, Berlin, Frankfort, and Paris.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CONGRESS OF MALINES.

The evening of my arrival I went to Prince Czartoryski, who, as the reader knows, had been informed of the catastrophe which had happened to his agent. He received me coldly, saying that I ought to have prevented him from gambling. At this reception I took up my hat. The Prince then said, with a certain annoyance —

"Finish giving an account of your mission."

"I have no account to give to people who loll in drawing-rooms while their partisans are getting killed in the effort to recover their independence!"

"Monsieur," said the Prince, shutting the door in my face, "I shall report your conduct to the Holy Father."

"Report it to the devil," said I, in a rage, going downstairs.

I had received orders from the Court of Rome to

place myself at the disposal of Prince Chigi, the Apostolic Nuncio.

His Eminence Monsignor Chigi, whom I had known in Rome and Munich, saw me as soon as I arrived, and commanded me to go to Malines to assist at the Catholic Congress which His Eminence the Primate of Belgium had instituted in his diocese, to combat heresy and procure for the Ultramontanes a pulpit tribunal from which the Italian revolution could be destroyed.

Two days later I entered the palace of His Grace Cardinal Sterckx, at Malines.

This Father of the Church welcomed me, and invited me to dinner, during which meal nothing was discussed except the Italian question. When we rose from table he shook me affectionately by the hand, saying —

"I am very happy, Baron de Rimini, to find in you such a knowing auxiliary in the matters which the Congress purpose to discuss with reference to the spoliations which Victor Emmanuel has committed to the prejudice of the legitimate Princes of our Holy Church. From to-day, your plate will always be laid here at six o'clock in the evening and eleven in the morning. I only regret being unable to give you a room in the palace. Take one in some hotel in the town at the expense of the Congress, and give your address to the secretaries.

I shall see you again to-morrow," added the Primate of Belgium.

"To-morrow," I repeated, going to the Hotel de la Cigogne.

In the morning, as on the preceding evening, after coffee, the Cardinal Primate of Belgium and I held discussions on the Sardinian King, Garibaldi, and the Piedmontese pro-Consuls.

I had been lodged four days by the Sanfedists at the expense of St. Peter's pence when Monsignor Sterckx sent for me to communicate the contents of a letter from Rome.

This letter, written in His Eminence Antonelli's hand, informed me that I had been replaced at the Catholic Congress by Monsignor Nardi, auditor of the Rota of Austria. By way of consolation, the Cardinal said that he was going to send me to the Congress of Frankfort, though not officially, regretting his inability to let me stay at Malines, where I should have been able to enlighten the members of the Papist areopagus by my knowledge of Italian men and matters.

Although I was no longer one of the chosen ones, I assisted at the meetings, which were presided over by Baron de Gerlache, Chief President of the Court of Cassation and President of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, a true believer, and an honest, upright man. There I saw and heard the advocates

of temporal power, and the enemies of progress and advanced ideas.

But I will frankly confess that the majority of the illustrious orators who spoke at Malines were not themselves altogether in accordance with the views at the Vatican. Following the example of the elders of '93, who took Coblentz for Paris and the Rhine for the Seine, and of their sons, who took Rome and the Tiber for their capital and their national river, they took Belgium for their country, but they profited by this retrograde tribunal to launch anathemas on the men and affairs of their country, and to undermine the constitution of their Government, solely that they might air their eloquence for a brief space.

When I had heard Montalembert, Felix, Dechamps, Leopold Gaillard, and Dupanloup, I left Malines to go to Frankfort with a letter to the King of Bavaria, which Monsignor Mardi had given me.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CONGRESS OF FRANKFORT.

What reflections might not be made at this juncture by a futile writer! The Corsican shepherd sent officially to the Congress of the Knights of the Confederation!

What would those old aristocrats of Germany have said could they have guessed that the clerico-Bourbonic Envoy, the man whom the head of the House of Hapsburg received so cordially under the name of Baron de Rimini, in the presence of so many Princes, Dukes, Barons, and so forth, was no other than the secret agent of Cavour, Napoleon, and I know not how many beside!

While I write these lines I ask myself whether I am asleep or awake!

On reaching Frankfort-on-the-Main, a rich and flourishing city, magnificently situated in the midst of a garden, I went to the Bavarian Embassy, where

the King received me, complimented me on my mission, and had me driven to the Hotel de Bruxelles (near the south station), where all his military retinue were lodged at the expense of the State, and with whom I stayed as long as the Congress lasted.

His Royal Highness Prince de Taxis and Baron Feistemester settled me in a room near them, in consideration of my former acquaintance with them, when I made the journey with Cardinal Gressellini. The other *attachés*, Ministers, Generals, Chamberlains, Secretaries, etc., welcomed me in the kindest manner at dinner. The next day they came separately to call upon me in my room. Two days after that Baron Offeman, private secretary to H.I.M. and R.C. the Emperor of Austria, came to tell me that his august master had granted me an audience at twelve o'clock the next day. At the hour named I introduced myself to the acting aide-de-camp, Comte de Crenneville, who presented me to Francis Joseph. The head of the House of Hapsburg received me with rather marked kindness, considering the presence of the petty potentates of the Germanic Confederation. He asked me news of Rome, Italy, the Holy Father, and Antonelli.

He then summoned his secretary, Baron Offeman, commanding him to place every day at my disposal the report of the daily sittings, that I might in turn report them to Rome.

Then, taking my hand, he added with inexpressible charm of manner —

"I much regret, Baron, that you cannot assist at the meetings, that you might judge for yourself what is said at Frankfort, and energetically deny the infamies attributed to us. It is even said that we wish to join ourselves to France in order to crush Italy."

"Sire," I replied, "I do not need to be present; your Imperial Majesty's secretary informs me of everything each evening with marvellous exactness. And even if he did not tell me a word I would believe your Majesty's declarations a thousand times sooner than if I assisted at the deliberations of the Assembly."

Other visitors, like myself, were waiting for an audience. I left the palace, Count de Crenneville accompanying me as far as the courtyard, inviting me to dine next day at five o'clock at the Imperial table.

I shall not speak of the dinner, nor of the official reception which took place immediately afterwards; but I will relate a little episode which cannot fail to interest my readers.

After the Imperial receptions, and as soon as conversation had begun to flow freely, His Imperial Highness Prince de Metternich, His Highness the Duc de Nassau, and His Highness Prince de Taxis

meeting me in the salon, asked me to go with them to Wiesbaden.

"To Wiesbaden?" said I. "Why not go to Homburg?"

"We are obliged to go to Wiesbaden, to be near Johannisberg, where His Imperial Majesty intends dining to-morrow evening, and where Her Highness the Princess expects us," replied Prince de Metternich.

Two days later we entered the Kursaal at Wiesbaden, the Princes to play *trente et quarante*, I to walk about.

When the play ceased Prince de Metternich had lost 25,000 francs, the Duc de Nassau 27,000 francs, and the Prince de Taxis, the lucky admirer of the Queen of Naples, had won 33,000 francs.

We spent the night at the Hotel de Paris, and the bill next morning, defrayed by the winner, was 2,000 francs.

At break of day a post chaise was conveying us to Johannisberg. The day was spent in examining the cellars of the castle, the estate, and the woods belonging to Prince de Metternich.

At five o'clock we went to the railway station to meet the Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Saxony, who embraced the Princess on their arrival, and their suite. We

returned at once to the salon, where a richly decorated table awaited us.

The host and hostess did the honours in a manner worthy of their position.

During the dinner I was seated opposite the Grand Duke of Baden; I saw him lean towards the Emperor, and say something in a low voice, as he looked at me.

He had hardly finished before they both burst into a laugh, which was, of course, caught up by all present.

I alone did not laugh, and with truly Corsican boldness took the liberty of saying to the Monarch —

"Believe me, sire, I regret bitterly not knowing the reason for so much mirth, because, if I did, I should not be the only one who is not laughing."

"And yet it is you about whom we are laughing," replied Francis Joseph.

"Then I should have laughed for two, sire."

"Well, then," said His Imperial Majesty, "tell us about your duel at Carlsruhe."

I rose at once and bowed to the assembled company.

"Last year," said I, "in His Highness the Grand Duke of Baden's beautiful capital, whilst Renz, who, thanks to the generosity of his august Sovereign, has the richest equestrian company in Europe, was

giving his last performance at the Champ-de-Mars, the horse of one of the actresses who were competing for the gold cup (a gift from His Highness), reared, fell on the race-course, and jumped over the ropes, unseated his rider, and dragged her several yards. She was in a pitiable state, for her foot had remained in the stirrup. Several officers followed her at full speed, but instead of trying to stop the furious horse they amused themselves by looking under the unfortunate woman's petticoats. I stopped the horse, and turning to the officers, said angrily: 'If I were your Sovereign I would make you eat grass instead of ornamenting your shoulders with new insignia!'

"Renz arrived on the spot at almost the same moment, took the horsewoman, whose name was Palmela, and conducted her to her hotel.

"That evening, whilst I was dining, several officers came to demand satisfaction, or a retraction of what I had said about them. Although alone, I accepted their challenge. When the officers were gone I asked for two seconds, but no one was willing to second me against the officers of the country.

"Renz and his head riding-master accepted, and went with me the next morning, at six o'clock, to the spot agreed upon.

"At the first pass my adversary sank to the ground. As his comrade was taking his place the

carabineers appeared, arrested us, and conducted us back to the town, where, thanks to His Highness's generosity, we were restored to liberty."

"And Palmela?" asked several of my hearers.

"Palmela, gentlemen, whom I thought to have won over to my side, forbade me to visit her while she was ill. The first day she was able to leave the house she called on me with her Director. Giving me her hand, 'I have come to thank you for having stopped my horse on the day of that unfortunate ride,' she said. 'But I cannot thank you for that duel, because I detest duellists. After this, monsieur, I shall not be able to appear on any stage without being hissed.'

"'Mademoiselle,' said I, opening the door for her, 'if such a thing ever happens to you I will have myself killed in order to raise a statue to you.'"

That evening we all returned to Frankfort.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN ROME.

The Congress over, I hastened to thank His Imperial Majesty of Austria, His Majesty the King of Bavaria, and their aides-de-camp for all the kindnesses they had shown me; then I took the train for Rome, passing through Paris, Marseilles, and Civita-Vecchia. On arriving in Rome I went to Cardinal Antonelli, who congratulated me on my travels and the success of my loans.

"Take some good rooms and rest awhile," said he, "you must need it. When you wish to talk with me come to the Quirinal; here there is always a crowd of people asking favours, who prevent us from talking as long as I should like."

When I left the Vatican I went to Number 35, Rue Ripetta, where I took lodgings for three months, with the firm intention of taking an absolute rest, which I greatly needed after my stormy life.

If I were an artist I should give a pompous

description of the Vatican, Great St. Mary's, the Colosseum, Nero's Theatre, and the Capital. Unfortunately my profession is what you know it to be; and I was horribly bored in the Eternal City, amongst the cowls, the hoods, and the brown robes tied with rope. Nearly all of the year '64 passed in this manner. Fancy me, activity itself, condemned to the *far niente* like the Naples lazzaroni! Even if I had been able to get up a conspiracy—but there was not a conspirator to bring forward. The Piedmontese, still looked upon by the Roman Court as the enemies of God and of the Church, passed through the Pontifical States like shooting stars.

The Garibaldians, Mazzinians, Unitarians, and the Roman Committee were all dead, or made believe to be so. The Directing Committee of Florence had got up parleys with France, and recommended their adherents at Rome to remain calm. "The evacuation of the French troops depends entirely upon your conduct," said they. "Keep quiet, be patient! The moment is approaching when you will be masters of your own destinies. The smallest movement, the slightest manifestation, would only serve as a pretext to Napoleon for prolonging the occupation indefinitely."

All this was calculated to reduce the most

indolent of agents to desperation. I sometimes saw Antonelli, de Merode, and Berardi, of the Roman Government, and Counts de Trapani, de Trani, and Prince Pignetelli, of the Bourbon party. They paid me regularly.

When the Convention of the 15th September was signed the two Governments gave me to understand that their means no longer permitted them to afford extra expenses, and that Napoleon was raising a revolution amongst them in order to rid himself of them.

The Austrian Ambassador, Baron de Hubner, whom I had known in Paris when he was at Napoleon's Court, proposed a mission to me. It was to go through Piedmont as far as Venice. I accepted with pleasure an opportunity of emerging from the apathy in which I was plunged.

Messieurs the Baron de Tanneberg, Lieutenant to the Emperor, and the Chevalier Frank, Chief of Police, were so well satisfied with the information which I delivered to them at Venice that they begged me to remain there as Comptroller.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ESPIONAGE IN THE TYROL.

Being a Frenchman, it was very easy for me to do them a service. All the Venetians, thinking me on their side, confided in me without my having to use any artifice to gain their confidence.

Chevalier Frank doubled my pay the third month after I had entered on my functions, and privately attached me to his office. I never used to go to the Prefecture. I would write to him, sending the letters through the post-office, or go to see him at his house, Number 14, Place de l'Eglise, St. Guillaume.

Several missions were confided to me, at Verona, Padua, Mantua, etc.

On my return from these excursions I was always well rewarded. One day the Chevalier Frank showed me a report from the Emissary of Trent, who wanted an intelligent agent to discover a supply of arms which had been brought into the Tyrol. On the

invitation of the Chief of Police I left Venice for Trent. In this form the Commissary of Police assured me that an Italian who had secret communications with the Tyrol had brought in a number of guns and had them on Austrian territory.

I left the Commissary and the town of Trent, and had myself conveyed to Sora. After passing two days here without obtaining the slightest clue, I started to return to the Commissioner. As I was passing through a street I heard a voice say —

"Do hurry, here's someone coming. It is the Frenchman who is surveying the railroads."

I had represented myself at the inn as a railroad engineer.

"If it is he we can come out; he has nothing in common with the Austrian police."

Then two men came through a doorway, following the same road that I had taken, and I heard them say —

"These four guns make up the forty we have to dispose of. Major Tolozzi, who came with me as far as the lake, did not dare to go back to the town because of those scoundrelly spies."

As they passed near me, one of them said —

"*Buona sera, amico*" (Good evening, friend).

I pretended not to hear.

"If you wait for an answer you will wait a good while," observed the other man.

"Why?" asked the first.

"Because he can't speak Italian," said the second, who, although a Lombard, was established at Sora.

The man who had wished me good evening was from Desanzano.

After keeping along the Imperial road until they were some ten or twelve yards outside the walls, they turned to the right and disappeared in a kind of valley. I retraced my steps and warned the Commissary of Police at Sora, whom I took with me to the place where I had left the two individuals; two agents were with him. I advised him to follow the suspected men at a distance until they came to the place of deposit, which could not be far off. Then, with rapid steps, I continued on my way to Trent.

The next morning, when I entered the office of the Commissary of Police, I found the Commissaries from Sora, who were full of joy at having discovered the store, comprising forty-two guns, thirty-seven sabres, powder, cartridges, etc., and at having arrested the two men.

These two worthies could not understand how I had managed to ferret out the depository in two days, when they had been looking for it for a month past and had discovered no trace of it.

A couple of hours after that I arrived at Venice with the arms and ammunition, which the Commissary of Sora carried to the Prefecture. I will add,

in justice to him, that although I was not present, he told the Emperor's Lieutenant that he had only executed my orders. He was given two hundred florins (500 fr.), and fifty florins for each of his agents (250 fr.), in all seven hundred and fifty francs. When I went that evening to see the Chief of Police he gave me one thousand florins (2,500 fr.) from Baron Tanneberg. This affair, therefore, cost the Government of Vienna three thousand two hundred and fifty francs. All that was found in the house in which the arms were secreted did not amount to this sum. It is but veracious to say that the Austrian Government may allow their soldiers to die of hunger, while their spies ride in carriages.

CHAPTER L.

ESPIONAGE AT FLORENCE.

During my stay in Venice I had the honour several times of seeing the Comte de Chambord, his nephew, Prince Robert of Parma, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Modena, and they all invariably received me with kindness, especially if they heard I had been playing the Piedmontese *some good turn*.

The year 1866 went by swiftly, and every day an attack by Victor Emmanuel was expected. Major Tolozzi, a Garibaldian officer, threw himself with a handful of red-shirts into the Tyrol, but unsupported by his party he was crushed.

This attack by the Garibaldians opened up a new field to journalists. Those of the Piedmontese Minister (who were under French pressure) maintained that the advanced party wished to furnish Austria with arms and force her to violate the treaty of Villafranca by marching on Rome. The Republican journals attacked the Government in-

cessantly, because they left their brothers the Venetians to languish in chains. Reports from several agents whom we had sent to Turin and Florence pointed out an unusual bustle at the War-Office and amongst the Garibaldian Committee. Even the journals hinted that the second campaign was about to begin on the banks of the Po. All these rumours at length obtained such credit at Vienna that the Minister for War wrote directly to the Governor to assure himself of the facts, and send him an official report of them.

One evening the Emperor's Lieutenant summoned me to his palace and ordered me to set out immediately for Florence. I was to write nothing conjectural, to report nothing except what I had seen and touched myself. My letters were to be entrusted to no one except certain persons whom he himself would send from Venice every Sunday, and on the Sundays on which I had nothing positive to state I was only to say, "There is nothing new."

With the practice I had had in certain matters, and these instructions, the reader will understand that I was to use every means of finding out all that was official in the newspaper articles and the reports of the secret agents.

When I left the room, the Governor, Baron de Tanneberg, gave me one thousand florins (2,500 fr.) and a letter of credit for two thousand florins (5,000

fr.) on the firm of Fenzi, banker, No. 1, Place des Seigneurs, Florence.

"Here is money enough to keep you for some time in Florence. Go to Milan, Turin, Genoa, and even Naples, if necessary, in order to ascertain the true state of affairs.

"I will do my utmost to please your Excellency," said I; "but I think that the best thing I can do will be to remain in Florence, the seat of government. Anything I may hear elsewhere would have no official value unless it had passed through the Ministerial offices."

"Do as you like," replied Baron Tanneberg; "but where am I to tell the agent to meet you on Sunday?"

"Tell him to be in the principal church in the city, near the font, at exactly twelve o'clock a.m. He will know me by the words, 'Who said that?' which I will utter as I pass on his left."

Two days after that I was passing listlessly amidst the crowd which swarmed in the Casino, the magnificent promenade on the banks of the Arno, a short distance outside the city. I had taken rooms at No. 17, Via Calsaioli, and dined at the *table d'hôte* at the Hotel de l'Etoile, taking coffee and reading the papers at the Grand Café de l'Etoile de l'Italie, whilst I waited for something to happen.

The few political men whom I saw told me nothing beyond what I could read every day in the daily

papers. Two thoughts haunted me: the first was, How can I obtain admittance to the War Office? the second was, How can I scrape acquaintance with Cairoli, a Deputy, and the Colonel and very soul of the hero of Caprera? I knew Crispi, but I also knew that he was too discreet to confide any grave matter to me, who had never served his party. I also knew General Pettinengo, Minister for War, with whom I was connected during Cavour's administration when he was at the head of the Ammunition Department under Minister Fanti; but one cannot go to a Minister for War and say, without preamble, "Show me your plans of campaign!"

I had been in Florence a month, and had three times said, "There is nothing new." One night at the Grand Café de l'Etoile de l'Italie a young officer and three civilians seated themselves at my table. They were somewhat heated by wine. One of the civilians gave the lie to the officer, and supplemented it with a blow on the face. Instead of blaming him, his two companions approved of his conduct. I told them that they were scoundrels to side three against one. The man who had administered the slap stretched out his hand to present me with one; a stroke over the fingers with my cane, and another on the head made him keep his distance. Some gentlemen and officers came up, asking the reason of the quarrel. The young officer, seeing himself

surrounded by the officers, his friends, drew his sword to kill the man who had struck him, but his friends prevented him. Then the uproar became general. Two guardians of the peace, led by a police officer, came up to arrest us. All the people in the *café* opposed this, saying —

"We will prevent their being arrested unless we are told why. It is true that slaps and blows from a cane have been exchanged, but there are means to settle it otherwise than in a court of justice."

Then the police officer, addressing me as the eldest of the four, asked me to tell him how it had happened.

When I had done all the officers present shook hands with me. The civilian who struck the officer was arrested, and the others, myself included, gave their names to the policeman. The officer who had received the blow was named Cristofini, and was private secretary to the Minister for War. When the police were gone, and calm had been restored, the young Sub-Lieutenant Cristofini thanked me; the other two civilians, who were merchants of Pistria, made a public apology and begged him to get their friend out of prison, as he was of good family, and drink alone had driven him to commit an action which his former life belied.

The person who had administered the slap was restored to liberty the following day. The young secretary and I became inseparable. On the fifth

Sunday Baron Tanneberg's agent was able to take back to the Government a circumstantial report of the preparations which the Italian Government were making to attack Austria in her quadrilateral.

The active party were secretly recruiting men and sending them to Como and Pescara. As soon as they thought themselves of sufficient strength to attack and force the hand of the Ministry, Colonels Corti and Cairoli presented a plan of battle to Pettinengo, Minister for War, and asked him if the King's Government would or would not co-operate with the regular army.

This military plan (a copy of which I made from memory after reading and examining it, and which was already in the hands of the Vienna Cabinet) ran thus —

"VENETIAN ATTACK:

"The first Army Corps will cross the Po at Polesella, march on Padua and cut off all railway communication between Venice and Verona.

"The second Army Corps will cross the Mincio at Valleggio, march on Villafranca and cut off the railway communication between Verona and Mantua.

"The third Army Corps will make the circuit of the Lake of Garda, will march on Lova and cut off communications between Verona and Trent.

The fourth Army Corps will leave Como and

enter the Tyrol by the Pas du Cheval, marching on Bolzono. If the Government seconds us they will send the fleet into the Adriatic."

In consequence of the summons of Garibaldi's two Lieutenants, the Minister at Florence preferred accepting war with Austria to having a struggle with the Nation.

Then formidable preparations were made, and the Treaty of Alliance with Prussia was concluded. The Italian Government called out all the Reserves, organized a Volunteer Corps in every Commune, and decreed a forced tax of seven hundred millions of francs to meet the expenses of war.

The Sunday following all these preparations the Austrian factotum answered my "Who said that?" with: "Leave *this evening*, and return."

When I got outside the church I hastened to banker Fenzi's to get my money, and that evening I crossed the Po, in a boat, to Brexello, instead of going over the pontoon-bridge between Lago Oscuro and the Madalena.

When I reached Venice, which city I had not seen for seven months, the year 1866 was beginning, amidst sounds of war, treaties, declarations of neutrality, and so forth. Each Power was speaking through official notes.

The Emperor's Lieutenant, Baron Tanneberg,

and Chevalier Frank, Chief of Police, thanked me for my successful performance, and told me that the Minister for War at Vienna had (on receiving the plan of the Italian Campaign) ordered them to give me a reward of four hundred florins (one thousand francs).

CHAPTER LI.

THE BATTLE OF CUSTOZZA.

This entirely military chapter contains but few police tricks, and should not be written by an agent who is only at home amidst plots, conspiracies, tricks, deceit, and so forth. Nevertheless, while finishing the account of the last months spent in the service of His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, I cannot do otherwise than speak of the battle of Custozza, my departure from Venice, and the arrival of the French and Piedmontese Commissioners.

The Italian Government, too feeble to attack the quadrilateral, waited until Austria had come to blows with Prussia in Silesia. Then, and only then, in spite of her blustering, they massed the corps of the regular army.

The first corps, commanded by Durando, who was at Milan, advanced by Bergamo and Brescia, and

drew up in echelons along the Mincio, from Peschiera to Treviano.

The second and third corps, which had their general quarters under the ramparts of Piacenza, were led by the King and Della Rocca.

The fourth corps, which was under the command of Cialdini, was massed along the Po from Mirandola to Ferrari.

His Highness the Archduke Albert, Commander-in-Chief of the Lombardo-Venetian Army, was staying quietly at his palace in Verona, contenting himself with gathering around the city about forty thousand men. The greater part of the Austrian forces were in Germany. The eighty thousand men who were in Venice were scattered in the fortresses of Peschiera, Mantua, and the towns of Padua, Vicenza, Trevise, Conegliano, Udino, etc.

Two days before the battle the Governor of Venice sent me to the Prince's head-quarters with a letter from Vienna. After having read this letter, which I have always thought contained something about me, the Prince asked me if I felt able to go to the Mincio, towards Vallegio, and find what the Italians were doing.

"Most willingly, your Highness," I replied.

"Very well, then, go," said the Commander-in-Chief of the army which all Europe was to salute on the morrow as the victor at Custozza.

Monsieur Ziegler and I mounted horses and started off at full speed on the road to Villafranca, memorable for the interview between the two Emperors after the battle of Solferino (1859).

Half-way through the town we turned to the right as far as Vallegio, a village standing on a height, whence can be seen a portion of Lombardy. Before us, on the right, stretched General Durando's Army Corps, and opposite, between the Mincio, which flowed at our feet, and Treviano, was encamped Pianelli's division. A little to the left, lay the troops of the King and General Della Rocca. With the aid of our field glasses we were able to count the long files of soldiers.

We left our horses in the hands of a carabineer, then clambered down the steep cliffs to get a sight of the whole surface of the river. We saw to our surprise that the Italian engineers had thrown five bridges across, over which the troops had already begun to pass. With a single battery of artillery the Austrians could have prevented their passage.

Some said that the Archduke preferred waiting under the walls of Verona, that he might whip them more easily. Others affirmed that His Highness Prince Albert was waiting to be attacked on the Po, and not on the Mincio, where the Piedmontese had been beaten in 1848.

After watching a whole division march into Venetia, whither others would soon follow them, the Commissary and I mounted our horses again, and hastened at full speed to Verona, without once stopping.

His Highness was about to sit down at table when his aide-de-camp told him of our return.

"Tell them to come in here," said the Archduke. Seeing us covered with dust, "Sit down," said he, "and take some wine."

When he heard that the Mincio had been crossed by the Italians, he commanded his aide-de-camp to telegraph to the heads of the corps which were quartered at Padua, Trevise, and Vicenza to advance on Verona, and to summon all the Generals commanding in the town. Then he sat down tranquilly to his dinner, without showing the least emotion. When we had finished our bottle he had one hundred florins given to each of us, and told us that we might go.

The next day at seven o'clock the Archduke Albert left his palace with a brilliant staff, as on parade day, passed through the gate of Mantua, and took the road to Villafranca, where fifty thousand of his men were massed. The Piedmontese, to the number of ninety-three thousand, occupied an impregnable position at Vallegio, on the heights of Rivoli. At the first sound of the

cannon the Archduke Albert placed himself at the head of his army, marched forward, pierced the centre of the braggarts commanded by the gallant King, crushed Durando's right wing, then turned on the left wing, which he overthrew.

A few hours later the gallant King recrossed the Mincio somewhat more quickly than he had crossed it the first time, and left to the tender mercies of the Austrians eighteen thousand prisoners, seven thousand dead, and thirty thousand guns, with knapsacks, horses, ammunition, etc. On his side the hero of Caprera had six thousand volunteers killed and wounded, and had not succeeded in getting into the Tyrol. These were the results of the battle of Custozza, a veritable prelude to that of Lissa.

Unfortunately for the Court of Vienna, the incapacity and cowardice of the Generals commanding in Germany prevented their emulating the victories of Prince Albert and Admiral Tegethof. They were forced to offer peace, ceding Venetia to France. This last comedy played by Napoleon ended in a treaty of amnesty signed by Prussia, Austria, and Italy after a hundred thousand men had been massacred.

If these potentates had begun by signing before they fought, what blood, what tears would their subjects not have been spared!

When I left Venetia and the chiefs who knew so well how to reward, I went to Paris. A week afterwards His Highness Prince de Metternich, Austrian Ambassador to the French Government, made his first secretary write me the following letter:—

"Paris, 26th Sept., 1866.

"His Imperial Highness Prince de Metternich desires me to inform you that he has received from his Government the sum of two thousand francs to be handed to you any day it may please you to call at the Chancellor's office.

"Accept, monsieur, the assurance of my entire esteem."

CONCLUSION.

NOWADAYS authors never write for glory. Yielding to the force of example, I have written these memoirs in order to try and get back some of the money which the illustrious de Glimes swindled me out of. Meanwhile, I like to think that these pages will not be entirely thrown away on those who read them.

Our ancestors used to say: "If the King only knew!" I say to-day: "If the people could only see crowned heads as near as I have seen them, how disgusted they would be!"

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